

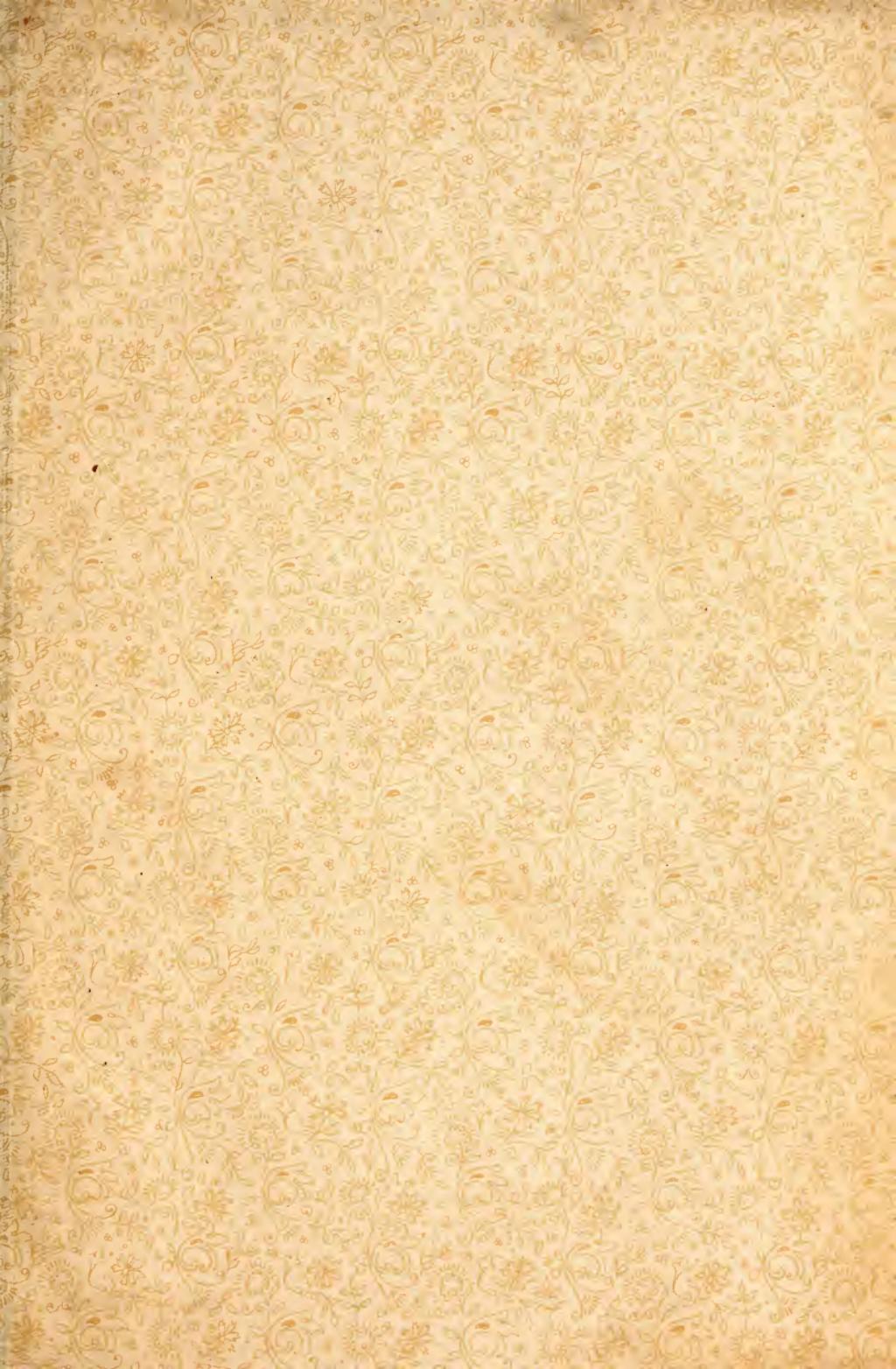
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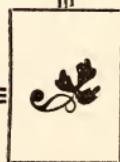


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DILWORTHIAN
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THE DILWORTHIAN

Published by the Students of

DILWORTH HALL

The Preparatory School of

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

VOL. II

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THE TOWER ROOM.

By Juanita M. Husband, '09.



"The construction of the Basis of the Pyramid can"—"Daddy, take baby." Prof. Beryl smiled indulgently at his only son. "Baby must go with the nurse." Nanny come to get the baby. "The construction of the basis of the Pyramid can only"—"Nice Daddy." The poor man still smiled—but sadly—at the child—all he had now to make his life happy since Miriam had gone away—far away to "that land from whence no traveler re-

turns." "Alex, run out and play with Nanny now, like a good boy." "The construction of the basis of the pyramid can only be"—"Baby, climb on Daddy's knee." This was too much for Professor Beryl, so he opened the door and deposited his rebellious offspring in the hall.

"The construction can only be approx"—"The indulgent nurse could not bear to see her charge abused in this way, so she had carried him back into the room and placed him on his father's lap. Before they could fully realize what was happening, Miss Nanny and her young master found themselves shut up in the stairway that opened into the professor's study. It was dark below and dark above—it was dark on all sides, but for a tiny streak of light visible from above; so up the two proceeded. "Come on, I'm not skeered," said the girl.

"My, but ain't this fine!" she remarked as they reached the top of the stairs. "Sakes alive! if there ain't windows all around. Velvet carpets, and as I live, a picture of the Missus. I don't keer how nice it is, Kid, we're a' not goin' to stay here long. There's more in this here nut of mine than Prof. ever dreamp't of."

Left alone with his beloved books, the Professor was soon lost to the world and did not find himself again until it was growing dusk. He sighed and then stroked his scholarly locks. Had he forgotten something? Well, well, to think he had forgotten the boy. He opened the panel that concealed the secret stairway, and called, "Nanny, bring the baby here"—no one answered. He felt his way to the bottom of the stairway, then he climbed to the tower room—it was empty! The door at the foot of the stairway could not be opened unless someone knew his secret. Where had they gone? and how had they gone? They could not have flown away.

The house and grounds were searched, but all in vain. Then he went to the tower room, and sat there until late that night. The pictured face seemed to accuse him in the dark; he could see the lips move to reproach him. He seemed to see her standing at the window looking out over the green hills as she was wont to do. Could it be that Miriam had come back to look for her boy? Suddenly a sound was heard—a sound of some one falling, then a low but piercing shriek rent the air.

(To be continued.)

THE PURITAN IN LITERATURE.

The Puritan Era was an heroic era, and from it happier and nobler forms of life have been wrought.

The strength of this motive force lay in these principles: First, the conception of truth as a positive foundation for life; second, a belief in the imminence of sovereign God; third, a belief in the spiritual life and the scriptures as the only guide to this life; and fourth, the belief that every man must "work out his own salvation with fear and trembling." The strength

of this movement was found more in the middle and professional classes than in the nobility.

The Puritans were the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, that the world has ever produced. But for many years after the Restoration, they were the subject of unmeasured taunts and derision. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff postures, their long graces, the scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, and their detestation of polite amusements were, indeed, fair game for their ridiculers. But on the other hand these Puritans had, indeed, derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. The one great end of their existence was to know, to love, and to serve God. "Death lost its terrors for them, as pleasure lost its charms." They had smiles and tears, rapture and sorrows, it is true, but not for the things of this world. They went stolidly through life, men who stood for religious liberty, trampling down oppressors, insensible to fatigue, pleasure and pain.

Milton's life was contemporaneous with the height of Puritanism. "He was born when it began to exercise a direct power over English politics and religion; he died when its struggle for freedom was over." Milton is not only the highest, but the most complete type of the Puritan influence. Reared in the culture of a Puritan home, his youth shows us how much of the gaiety, poetic ease, and intellectual culture of the Renaissance lingered in a few of the Puritan homes. He lived, like all Puritans, "ever in his great taskmaster's eye," kept his mind calmly fixed on the Almighty Judge, and acquired the Puritan contempt of eternal circumstances, their tranquillity of purpose, their inflexible resolution. Yet he was free from their frantic delusions, their savage manners, their scorn of science, and their gloomy fanaticism. He had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for the very elegant in amusement, and a more chivalrous delicacy of honor and love, than the Puritans. One real outcome of the Puritan spirit in him was his attainment of self-command, his entire mastery over his thoughts, words and deeds.

His love of classic literature made him a fine scholar, and

everywhere in his writings are classic allusions. L'Allegro shows his love of nature and the pleasures afforded by nature; to walk in the fields early in the morning; to see the black towers of an old castle, over the tops of the trees, turn to a beautiful gray in the rich sunlight; to roam along country roads and watch the crops harvested; to see the young people dance "in the chequered shade" to the sound of the rebeck; and then to hear their tales of superstition—these were pleasures Milton never missed as long as he was able to enjoy them. He found pleasure in the stage, too, for he speaks of his fondness for the comedies of Johnson and, "Sweetest Shakespeare Fancy's Child." His poems are like his descriptions of music, soft, with gentle sweetness which pierces the very soul, at times, and at other times they are best described by:

"Then let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below,
As may with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."

It was our English Bible, though, with its "grand-measured prose" which was more of an influence with Milton than classic literature, or nature, with all her charms. Its influence is shown in a hundred ways!

His great poem, "Paradise Lost," is a sublime manifestation. It is the grandest outcome of the Puritan spirit. Some one has said that not until we have experienced fifty years of life, can we appreciate its grand style. Arnold says, "Milton is, of all our English race, the exponent of Puritan influence, in regard to his diction and rhythm." This superb style is shown from one end to the other of "Paradise Lost." Finally, the Milton of poetry is the man, (in his own magnificent phrase), "of devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all knowledge and utterance."

In great contrast to the Puritan idea of "living laborious days and scorning pleasures" was the spirit of the Cavalier poets of this time, of whom Robert Herrick was chief. This is expressed in one of Herrick's poems, "Corinna's Maying."

“Come, let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.”

The gaiety and naturalness of the Elizabethian Age still influenced the Cavaliers.

John Bunyan was another strong example of the influence of Puritanism upon writings. The great influence of the Bible, the only book to Puritans, shows itself in the strong, simple biblical prose of Bunyan’s allegory, “Pilgrim’s Progress,” the tale of the journey from “the City of Destruction to the Celestial City.”

Results of the Puritan movement, so strongly expressed in the works of Milton and Bunyan, are found in modern literature. Ruskin is a fine example, as are also Wordsworth and Tennyson. Especially the characters and moralizings of Tennyson are truly Puritan.

The Puritans who came to America endured many cares and hardships. The harshness and sternness of their early life here were shown in the writings of the clergyman-author, Cotton Mather; and in much the same stern spirit Jonathan Edwards wrote. Hawthorne came from Puritan ancestry almost as old as the Plymouth colony. The ideas of his finely organized nature are distinctly Puritan and this spirit reads between the lines of his writings. He felt what he calls “the spirit’s instinct of adoration towards a beneficent Father,” and was not this just an expansion of Milton’s idea of our conduct toward God? The most beloved poet of America, Longfellow, was influenced by Puritanism, but in a softened, more delicate manner; he appears to us as the essence of gentleness and purity.

So we see Puritanism stood for much that was harsh and cold and stern, but it stood, too, for purity, steadfastness of purpose, moral grandeur, and in the few cases further removed from its influence, for sweetness and gentleness.

Marguerite Frey, ’09.

A CHINESE GIRL.

The Chinese do not count much on girls, they are hardly worth anything but to drudge. When a boy enters a family, there is great rejoicing and feasting, for he is the one who keeps the family name. He has chances for an education and can become a teacher or in some other way can earn a reputation for the family. But a girl has no chance to acquire knowledge or make anything unusual of herself.

The Chinese have a peculiar manner of naming their children. The first child is called "Number One," the next "Number Two," and so on till the last is called "Tail End."

"Tail End" is the name of the girl that I am going to tell about. She was twelve years old when I first met her, and had come to my father's hospital with her mother, who was sick. She lived across the river, next to the sea, and like most of the girls there, spent her time fishing for sea-weed and crabs. Thus she did not know as much about house work or sewing as the girls who lived inland, and who spent all of their time indoors. Tail End was a sunburned and healthy little thing. Her feet were not bound; and she was very much like any American girl, for even if she did not acknowledge it, you could tell that she liked the boys. It would have been the hardest thing to play a joke on her, for she was bright enough to see it, right away.

As winter came on and the fishing season was past, Tail End had other things to do, for she was growing older and it was the proper thing for her to learn how to sew or cook.

One day she told me that she was to be married the next month, but that she did not want to be married at all. I asked her mother if the wedding could not be postponed until Tail End was older. But this was the answer I received: "No, we matched her with this boy when they were but a year old; and as the "Star man" set this day for the wedding, we could, by no means, change it, or the gods would punish us."

The time for the wedding drew near. Such preparations, I never saw the like of before. Tail End sat in her room day in and day out, embroidering slippers for her trousseau or

making some little present for her future husband; and also crying her eyes out, as she was expected to do.

When the day of the wedding arrived, the bride's people got her ready at her house. A hair-dresser was hired and the bride's hair was put up in a very complicated manner. She was then garbed in a handsome red dress and a red ornamented cap with a red handkerchief fastened to it, which fell over her face. This she wore for three days, during which time, no one but the bridegroom and mother were allowed to look at her countenance.

When she was all ready, she was taken in the morning to the house of the bridegroom. A bride's chair was hired for the purpose and the women had a hard time putting her into it, for she fretted and cried (which was part of the ceremony). When the party reached the place, they led the bride into the hall. It was decorated in red and at one end of the room, the bride, with all her bride's maids, was stationed, the other end being occupied by the groom and his best men. Then the bride and groom bowed at each other. The one who got the first bow determined the independence of the bride in future years. After this they knelt together to the ancestral tablets and a priest gave a blessing to them. Thus the ceremony ended and a great feast was made, to which all were invited, and after this the wedding was over.

Ruth McCandliss, '11.

SKETCHES.

A Failure.

There was once an artist, who lived near Dürer in Nuremberg, and was one of Dürer's best friends. This man worked hard at his paintings and really painted some very good pictures. His pictures, however, never became known. They were put up for sale, but nobody ever bought them, they were passed by and other pictures not so good as his were sold. They were never hung up in galleries, nobody ever thought of them twice. He could not understand it. He saw the

most beautiful pictures with his soul's eyes, but he was not able to put them on canvas.

With each new picture he painted, his hopes rose and he said to himself that this one surely would be hung in the great gallery. Each time he was disappointed and gradually it was borne in on him that perhaps he really could not paint his soul's conceptions. Each time the idea came to him, he thrust it away from him quickly and worked harder than ever, for it seemed that he could not fail. One day as he looked at his last picture and thought of his soul's conceptions, he knew at last that he had failed, failed utterly and completely. He could never paint.

What could he do? he asked himself. He was nearly old now. The best of his life had been spent in a failure. He knew no trade. He had only a little money. He was absolutely in every sense of the word a failure.

He turned away with a breaking heart and left the room. He seemed so much older now than he had been an hour ago. He wanted some one who would understand his great trouble, so he went to his old friend Dürer, and told him of his failure, all the pitiful story of his work and of his soul's ideas, which he could never express.

As he stood there and told his story, a weight seemed to fall from his heart and unconsciously he folded his hands in resignation. Dürer looked at him as he listened, and drew a sketch of the folded hands. When the story was finished, Dürer said to him, "If you can't paint pictures, you can make them," and he showed him the sketch.

The sketch was Dürer's Praying" Hands and it hangs in an art gallery in Vienna, one of the great pictures of the world.

Jeannette Roenigk, '10.

Captain Jack Crawford.

Of the many people that I met this summer while I was on my vacation, I think Captain Jack Crawford, otherwise known as the "poet scout," was the most interesting.

"Captain Jack" was a guest at the Hotel Rider in Cambridge Springs, where we were staying. The first time I saw

him he attracted my attention as he did that of the rest of the people in the hotel. Not knowing who he was, at first, I took him to be that well-known circus man, "Buffalo Bill," and I think it was his curly, gray hair, reaching to his shoulders, that led me to believe this. He has a moustache and a typical Van Dyke beard. He usually wears an extremely long frock coat.

You may know that he is odd looking, for the children went screaming to their mother's side, when they saw him coming. But the captain is a great lover of children and many times he would stop to talk to them.

The poet, with the "smile that won't wear off," made friends very quickly in the hotel. Often he would sit and talk to a crowd of us. He told us many interesting stories of his experiences in the Wild West, and he told them most vividly. We learned that he had never gone to school a day in his life, and considering this fact, I think he is a very remarkable man.

One evening at the hotel, while some of the people were dancing the barn dance, the captain came into the ball room, and whirling his hand in the air, danced all around the room, causing a good deal of amusement among the guests.

Before we went home, he gave me his photograph, taken with his intimate friend, the well-known lecturer, Elbert Hubbard. Below the picture the poet wrote his autograph and this little verse:

"You bet your life a happy pair
Some backbone and lots of hair."

Rose Thalheimer, '09.

L'Allegro.

The word "L'Allegro" means bright and cheerful, and Milton's poem carries out this meaning from beginning to end. It reminds me of a certain lady—always laughing and simply bubbling over with the mere joy of living. When one meets her passing through the halls, she invariably is humming a gay little snatch of a tune. It is impossible to be mel-

ancholy or sad when she is near. She's always in a hurry, too, and comes carelessly along, half-running, and half-walking, and altogether giving the impression of wanting to "get there." One unconsciously finds oneself smiling in sympathy with her, after she has passed. She's perfectly willing to stop and chat a little on any subject that's cheerful, but if you only mention something sad you will perhaps look up to see her in the distance laughingly throwing a kiss from the tips of her fingers.

She is always to be found where music is, tapping her foot impatiently to the tune, and sometimes energetically snapping her fingers to keep time. There is welcome for her every place she goes, and she receives it with some gay answer, as she does everything else. She never fails to be ready with a joking comment for every remark anyone makes, and her sympathy is the kind that makes one feel it is still a pleasure to be in the world, as well as a duty to enjoy it.

And so she goes through life—a living example of L'Allegro.

Alice B. Stoeltzing, '09.

The Wave Riders.

One day as I sat watching the waves I thought I could see different colors in the foam. Instead of its being white and frothy, it was sometimes red, sometimes blue, and at other times green or yellow. At last I fancied I could hear sounds as if some one were laughing, while again I thought I could hear singing.

Hearing these sounds, I moved closer to the waves and then perceived that the sounds I heard were made by many tiny people. These little folk were dressed in blue, red, green or yellow silks with white feathers in their hats. They were riding on the tops of the waves. What surprised me was, that they were not at all wet. After the waves had carried them to shore they would run up the bank a short distance, would rise softly into the air and float out over the sea only to catch a new wave and come riding in as before.

I watched them with great pleasure and finally decided

that these small people were fairies. Just as they were in the height of their glory, the sky suddenly darkened. The fairies, knowing that a storm was approaching, drifted out across the sea to their homes.

Annie C. Davison, '12.

An Escape from the Indians.

When Elizabeth Hack, or Bet, as she was usually called, was about fifteen years old the Indians were very hostile to the white people who, when they were expecting an attack, had moved to a fort so as to have a larger force to resist the Indians.

They were very much crowded in the fort and, as it was not well ventilated, they were anxious to get out. One day Bet and a friend, named Ellen, ventured out a considerable distance from the fort. Unmindful of what was going on, they were startled when they heard a crackling of the bushes not very far from where they stood. Both girls turned, and gave a cry of alarm, for there stood two Indians whom Bet had known before she went to the fort, but who were now her bitterest enemies.

The girls ran, and the Indians ran after them calling: "Bet Hack! Bet Hack! we won't hurt you." But the louder the Indians called, the faster the girls ran. They had a good start, but Bet soon saw the Indians were gaining on them.

She tried her best to think what to do to delay the Indians, for just a few moments. She was a swifter runner than Ellen, and was away ahead of her, but Bet knew if she waited for her friend they would both be captured.

She thought that if she could free herself from the skirts which kept her back, she would, probably, reach the fort before the Indians overtook her and, possibly, be able to send some one to rescue Ellen. To think was to act with Bet, so keeping an eye on the remainder of the path which she had yet to cover, she unfastened her red flannel petticoat as she ran and dropped it to the ground. She was now able to run

with little difficulty and reached the fort just as she heard the Indians give a wild cry of victory. She knew that Ellen had been captured. Nothing was ever heard of Ellen, but it is possible that she may have escaped the scalping knife.

This is a true story, for Bet was my great-great-great-grandmother.

Margaret M. Conelly, '10.

Berlin, Ger., Sept. 27, 1908.

Dear Friend:

Berlin now presents a different picture to me than it did this summer, not that it was not beautiful then, but the musical season has begun. I still practice and take my lessons. I am working now on the "Schumann Concerto," which is extremely difficult, both technically and artistically. The concerts are advertised at last. How I have waited for them!

I have made the acquaintance of some very nice people, mostly Americans. When one is as far away from home as I am, he appreciates acquaintances, and friends which are very much rarer than the former. I can hardly realize it now that I am in Berlin, thousands of miles away from home and my friends. I really think I wouldn't be surprised if I met anyone from Pittsburgh over here. I go along, intent on my own affairs, and feel just as much at home in some parts of Berlin as I would on Forbes street.

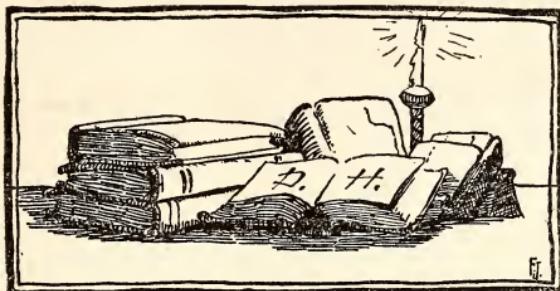
It is wonderful how quickly one learns to speak quite well a foreign language if he only has the occasion. With the excellent training I had at Dilworth Hall and the year in Berlin, I speak German fluently now and even "get on" to some of the genders of the different words.

Please give my love to Dilworth Hall and the College and all their teachers and students. I would like to write to them, but I am too busy. The days just fly one after the other. Think of it, almost one year away from home.

Lovingly,

Rebecca Davidson.

EDITORIAL.



We are glad to see that the girls take such an interest in the science course this year. The course has been growing better gradually and we are very proud of it. Science is daily gaining favor in the women's colleges of the country, and this is a good thing, for is it not one of the best things in the world to make a girl observant? It helps her in reading, for there are many things in literature which cannot be understood if she knows nothing about science. We agree with our friend, Ruskin, when he says that it is of the highest moment that a girl should be trained in habits of accurate thought, and that she should understand the meaning, the inevitability, and the loveliness of nature's laws.

There are about twenty girls who take chemistry this year, and they say that it is extremely interesting. They spend two hours a week in the laboratory, and, even though they have to stay after school, they do not consider it a hardship. Lately they have been experimenting with gases. Let us hope that the girls will show as much interest in the botany class when it is opened in the spring. E. Y.

It is with great anticipation and delight that we look forward to this year of school life. After the summer vacation it seems good, after all, to return to school and to resume duties, which, though sometimes irksome, help to form character. Our school this year is especially flourishing; each of

the four classes contains about thirty pupils. This is a rare thing, for usually the first classes are large, and as they progress, they dwindle down, till in the fourth year, there are only about half the original number. Let this equality in number continue. It is just the thing needed.

Our college, too, is more flourishing, having more than twice as many students this year as it had two years ago. There is a closer sisterly feeling towards the college, for are not most of last year's Dilworth Hall graduates in the Freshmen class.

There is one phase of school spirit which could be improved upon. This is the class spirit. There should be more class loyalty both in school work and in school sports. What class spirit could be manifested if there were class teams in basket-ball, hockey, tennis, and all such sports. That would be called "real fun!" Let us do all we can to create this class spirit.

It is a pleasant thing to notice the pride which is displayed in all which pertains to the whole school, dear old Dilworth Hall. We all sing with a will our school song:

"Hurrah for Dilworth Hall, girls,
Hurrah, Hurrah,
For Dilworth Hall we'll stand or fall,
We'll rally at her call, girls,
Hurrah, Hurrah,
Hurrah for Dilworth Hall, girls."

May we help to increase even more this school spirit and to fill the land with interest in our own dear school—Dilworth Hall!

H. B.

Commencement Exercises of Dilworth Hall, June, 1908.

This note is for our friends who were not present at last year's commencement. It was one of the best our school has ever had. After the exercises were opened by the singing of America and by prayer, Miss Catherine Thompson gave the welcome and an interesting valedictory story. The Glee and

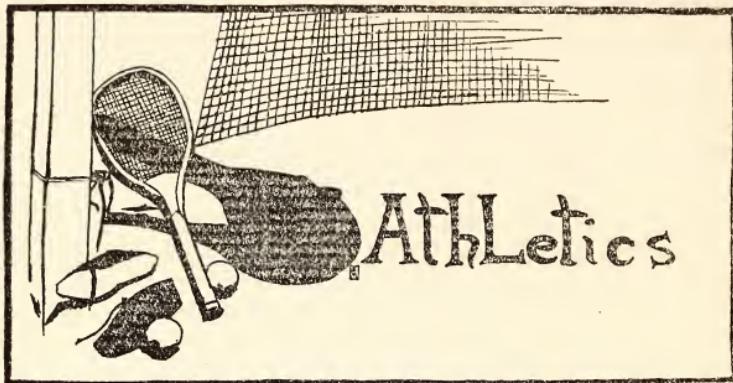
Mandolin clubs helped make the evening delightful by selections. Colonel Robbins spoke on "The Education of Young Women," an address much enjoyed by all who heard it. An impressive part of the program was a song by the other Dilworth Hall girls to the graduating class:

"Naughty-eight, we love you,
Parting gives us pain.
Naughty-eight we'll miss you
When the autumn comes again,
In your life's long journey
Happy be your fate.
Friends and comrades true,
We say good-bye to you.
Good-bye, Naughty-eight."

And the response to this by the girls on the platform:

"Dilworth Hall, we love you,
Parting gives us pain.
Dilworth Hall, we'll miss you
When the autumn comes again.
Where'er the tide of life shall bear us,
Whene'er we hear your call,
Bound by gold and blue,
We'll be true to you.
Good-bye, Dilworth Hall."

After the presentation of diplomas and certificates by Dr. Lindsay, the exercises closed with the hearty singing of the Dilworth Hall song.



On the twenty-eighth of September the Athletic Association held its first meeting. Officers were elected. Lillian Lindsay was elected president, Jeanne Gray, vice president, and Florence Bickel, secretary and treasurer. The following Monday was the day set for the initiation, and a great many new girls came into the society. Refreshments were served after the initiation and the rest of the afternoon passed very pleasantly.

Every one was very much interested in the tennis tournament. The winners from the College were May Hardy and Martha Sands; and from Dilworth Hall, Noeline Hickson and Jean Hughes. The finals were played on Friday, the eighteenth of October. Both sides were represented by a large number of enthusiastic girls, and our team defeated the College team in the first two sets. Dr. Lindsay awarded handsome white sweaters to the winners.

The hockey field has been turned into a basket-ball ground. This is more novel than indoor basket-ball, and twice a week the girls are hard at the exciting game.

MUSIC NOTES.

In the music department there are many students in both voice and piano, and they give promise of a year of good work.

Dilworth Hall students have recommenced the old choral work, and have made a distinct advance over other years, as they have already taken up part singing with great success.

One thing which speaks very well for the quantity as well as the quality of musical talent in the school this year is that we are going to have two Glee Clubs, one for the College and one for Dilworth Hall. Now that we have a glee club that is distinctly our own property, Dilworth Hall must stand by it and help it to success.

We are very proud to state that Prof. Morgan has accepted the position of organist at Trinity Episcopal Church.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. W. C. A. is in a flourishing condition this year. The regular evening for meeting has been changed from Wednesday to Tuesday, as Tuesday is more convenient for outside speakers to come than Wednesday, prayer-meeting evenings. The following officers were elected at the first of the semester:

President—Carla Jerecki.

Vice President—Helen Teeters.

Secretary and Treasurer—Grace Dulaney.

THE SPIRIT THAT WALKED ABROAD.

Once upon a time a Spirit, jovial and kind, found himself free—free to walk in the world of man. So bidding a joyful farewell to his kindred spirits in bondage, he journeyed up, and up, and up until he emerged at last into a large dimly lighted room.

The first thing he saw was the body of some departed soul. Into this he crept so as to see but not be seen. The room was large, with a high ceiling, dark walls and a dangerously slippery floor. The only light issued forth from many Jack O'Lanterns, skeletons, and devilish heads. Back and forth and around the room were hung ears of corn, red peppers, and fantastic heads and figures. Many girls, large and small, fat and thin, black and white, American, French, Swiss, Chinese, Witches, and even mummies were standing around, talking, laughing, and dancing. But would you believe it? There was only one grown man in the whole crowd. O, to be sure there were several old and staid masculine teachers and a cunning little Buster Brown. And up on yon raised platform were several women giving prizes for the tallest, shortest, fattest, funniest, prettiest and most gruesome costumed girl. Over in the far corner was a large punch bowl full of cider; and in the near corner were tables piled high with popcorn, peanuts, doughnuts, and apples. While the dancers were making merry and the laughter was the loudest, the Spirit quietly left his hiding place, departed from the room and walked slowly down the winding roadway: near the dark little hollow at the forks of the road, our Spirit saw a kindred spirit and said to him, "Oh, friend, whence come all you strange folk, and why do they conduct themselves in that queer manner?" and the brother spirit answered, saying, "Dear one, this is All-Hallowe'en, the one night in the whole year, when mortals may do as they please and not be wrongly judged. Just then the clock struck twelve, the earth opened to claim its own, and the last our jovial Spirit heard was, Hurrah for Dilworth Hall.

Hazel Summers, '12.



WHATS DOING AMONG THE GIRLS.

Who's allright? The Seniors! What Seniors? The Seniors of Pennsylvania College. It was they who set the ball a-rolling in the social world. On September eighteenth, invitations were extended to the College girls and House girls to attend a dance in the chapel which was prettiijy decorated with class colors. An orchestra furnished the music, and light refreshments were served between dances. Everybody pronounced the entertainment quite a success.

The girls of Pennsylvania College did not allow the Sesqui-Centennial to go by without helping to celebrate. Two auto loads of girls went a-seeing the Parade. They added to the enthusiasm with their cheers and flying banners.

The months, September and October, kindly remembered the following persons with birthday parties—Miss Kerst, Miss Lovejoy, Miss Hazel Hickson, Miss Jane Hill, Miss Mildred Renwick and Miss Mary Gray.

The Old Girls gave the New Girls a party on October seventh. Amusement was afforded in the form of roller-skating. They selected the gymnasium for their rink and it proved quite a successful one. Ice cream cones were served

between skates. The party gave those, who couldn't skate before, an opportunity to show their skill that evening.

The Juniors have made themselves famous. A party was given in honor of the College and House girls, who were invited to dance in the Chapel. Everything went smoothly along with the orchestra and refreshments until "The Grand Cake-walk was announced. Either on account of inability or shyness of the girls, it is hard to say, but only two couples could be induced to go through the performance. A cake was awarded to Misses Lillie Lindsay and Florence Bickel. There were other fancy dances, at which Misses Lucille Shermer and Jean Hughes won a prize for the Barn-Dance.

Preparations are going busily on for the third and fourth year plays which are to be presented on Friday evening, November 6. The fourth year play is to be "The Reveries of a Bachelor," and the third-year play, "Two Little Rebels," a southern story. All the girls of the classes are included in the casts.

The second-year girls are slowly, but surely, translating Cæsar. They wonder why he wrote such a book.

It's a wonder the teachers on the third floor haven't nervous prostration with two dens on that floor.

Better watch yourself at night now for you don't know how many girls are trying to emulate Professor Brashear.

Don't blockade the stairways, girls. Step lively!

Volley ball is enjoyed as much as ever.

Nobody can mistake green hall this year.

It is doubtful whether certain girls will soon play "crack-the-whip" again.

In the drawing rooms on Friday evening, October the second, there was a delightful musical, to which the Faculty, the college students and the house girls were invited. Miss Christine Miller, Mr. Tasquale Tallerico, a talented young Italian pianist, and our own Miss Kerst were the artists who delighted us with music and story.

There are many new girls in our school this year. Indeed, every room in the house is occupied, and there is a waiting list. We welcome all the new girls; we wish them a happy and profitable school year.

The Trustees have announced that work is to begin at once on a new dormitory for the college girls. Doesn't that speak of prosperity?

Election day was fittingly observed by the Faculty and the house students. There were brilliant and noisy processions of the Republicans, led by Maud Demler, and of the Democrats, led by Lillian Lloyd. Professor Putnam made an eloquent speech for Taft; Professor Martin followed with a stirring appeal for Democracy and Bryan. At 7.30 P. M., the poles were open, with Dr. Lindsay acting as judge of the election. Taft carried the day.

Margaret Peck and Carrie Longanecker are rooming together in Webb House at Wellesley. They write enthusiastically of the beauty of the college campus and the pleasant girls they have met. In fact, they seem to think everything at Wellesley is about right.

Catherine Thompson reports that she "just adores Bryn Mawr"—ivy-covered walls, teachers, girls and all.

Eva Auld sends her best regards to all the girls. She writes from Brooklyn, where she is studying art.

"The Tower Room," a continued story, begun in this number of The Dilworthian, was suggested by the mystery surrounding the tower in Berry Hall. Each of the other three numbers of The Dilworthian will contain a chapter of this story.

We are very glad to say that a number of last year's graduating class are still with us, having entered the College. They are: Florence Bickel, May Hardy, Lillie Lindsay, Daisy Sharp, Beulah Pierce, Eleanor Davis, Hazel Hickman, Martha Sands, Anna Finkelstein, Elsie Wehling and Mary Gray. Carrie Longanecker and Margaret Peck are at Wellesley. Catherine Thompson is at Bryn Mawr, and Eva Auld is studying art in Brooklyn. Alice Sankey, Anna Todd, Vera Lewis and Ethel Boughner are at home.

Teacher (to student translating in Latin)—“Don’t you think it’s pretty near time you turned the page? You’ve read the first five lines on the next page already.”—Ex.

“Decline—‘a man,’ ” the teacher cried,
The maiden colored red.
“Decline a man,” the pupil sighed—
“I can’t, I won’t,” she said.

“How dear to my heart is a steady subscriber,
Who pays in advance at the birth of the year;
Who lays down her money and does it quite gladly;
And casts round the office a halo of cheer.

How welcome she is when she steps in the sanctum,
How she makes our hearts throb, how she makes our hearts
dance,
We outwardly thank her, we inwardly bless her,
The steady subscriber who pays in advance.—Ex.

The members of The Dilworthian Staff were entertained by Miss Campbell at a magazine party on Friday, October sixteenth. All present reported a delightful time and were loud in their praise of Miss Campbell as a hostess.

The first year girls have organized their class and have elected their officers for this year. Harriet Haskell was elected president, Helena Gray vice president, Rachel Donovan, secretary, Helen Grove treasurer, and Miss Campbell, honorary member.

The honor of writing the most interesting continued story for The Dilworthian has been awarded to Miss Juanita Husband. Other very entertaining stories were presented, and the editors regret that they cannot print more than one continued story.



QUIPS AND CRANKS AND WANTON WILES.

From Milton's "Il Penserozo:

"And missing thee, I walk unseen,
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon."

Miss C.—Wouldn't you enjoy walking out on a moonlight night like that, Miss B.?

Miss B.—O-ooh! Not alone.

Heard in the Corridor:

M.—O, there's a bird in my room!

B.—Do you know what that is a sign of?

M.—No, what?

B.—I shouldn't like to tell you, I don't believe in signs, anyhow.

M.—Neither do I, I'm not a bit superstitious. Go on, tell me, what is it?

B.—Well, it's a sign of death.

M.—Umph, I'm not going to sleep in that room to-night! The little brown thrush was left alone to beat his frightened wings against the wall. She wasn't superstitious, O no!

Heard in First-Year German:

Miss G.—"What ate the dog?"

Miss H.—"The son of the book!"

Miss B. (In fourth-year German)—"The fireworks laughed and exploded."

Miss A.—The way you write poetry reminds me of Byron.

Mr. S. (looking dignified)—I am glad you think so, and in what way?

Miss A.—Well, you both begin every line with a capital letter.

Juanita—Hum, milk at my place, milk at your place and milk all along this side of the table.

Marian—Yes, it looks like the milky-way.

Mrs. Armstrong—My new fall hat is the color of London smoke.

Friend—Is it trimmed with English sparrows?

If you say “good morning-glory” when its morning, should you say “good evening-star” when it’s evening?

A girl somewhat puzzled, wanted to know if the “Daughters of the Revolution” are the people that stand around on the street corners and beg money for the poor?

Miss Elsa Jarecki, a former student in Dilworth Hall, is visiting her sister, Carla.

One Girl—“Here are two pictures, one of Mr. Bryan, the other of Mr. Taft, for Presidential election. Now, which would you vote for?”

Answer—“Why, Bill, of course!”





THE
DILWORTHIAN

WINTER 1909



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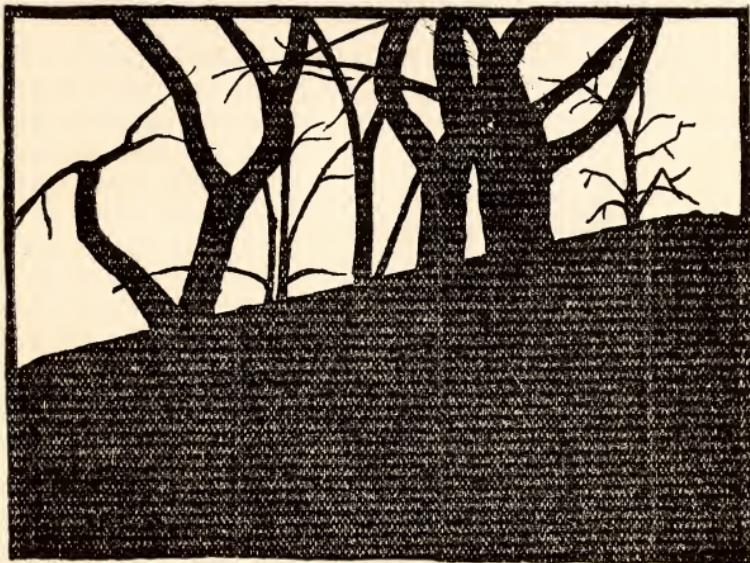
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THE OLD OAK.

Oh, stanch old oak, that long has stood
In yonder hillside's dreary wood,
How often have you watched the blast
From your strong boughs like mantle cast
Your leafy coat of many hues?
How often have you looked o'er dale
And watched the many snowflakes sail,
'Till earth was clothed in white?

But one by one the years go by,
And still you stand without a sigh.
Oh, noble tree, I know 'tis true,
That patience might be learned of you.

Annie L. Smith, '11.

THE TOWER ROOM.

By Juniata Husband, '09.

One night Diana checked her chariot very near the tower room; so near that two people, up there, did not think it necessary to have any additional light. If the moon-goddess had

been an eavesdropper she might have overheard these remarks:

"Miriam, dear, I can't understand how the professor can prevent your marrying me if you desire it."

"Perhaps you will be able to understand better if I explain a few things to you."

"No explanation can force me to understand why I should not marry you if I love you."

"But listen, Alex. The professor's wife was mother's best friend. Don't you know that I

was named Miriam for Mrs. Beryl?"

The light of the moon, at that very minute, seemed to fall upon the picture opposite these two miserable, happy people.

"See, boy, this is her picture. Why, Alec, what makes you stare that way? You are as pale as a ghost."

"Nothing, child," was the answer.

"Well, to continue my story, when this Miriam's son was a little baby, she suggested to my mother, that if ever mamma should have a daughter, this boy should marry her. Of course everyone interested agreed and, Alec, I want to do as mother wished."



"But the boy has been lost for twenty-three years and probably never will be found! Does he expect any one as glorious as you, on account of an ancient contract to be an—?"

"Hush, Alec. You are not trying to understand."

"Well, I don't want to understand."

* * * * *

Down below there was a dreadful commotion. A handsome carriage was drawn up before the front door. A portly, overdressed lady was in the act of descending when suddenly about three yards of her trailing gown caught on the step. The good woman fell with a crash—the very hills re-echoed with the sound. A white-haired man hurried out of the house before the astonished servants could be of any assistance. He tried his best to help her to her feet and at last, with the aid of three or four servants he managed to carry her into the house.

"My detentions were perfectly honorable. I only drove around here from the theayter to convey my son from hence."

"Then," said the Professor, "I am to understand you are Mrs. Neureich?"

"That, honored sir, is my title of redress. Any further reformation that you may desire about my diseased husband, can be read in the Allegheny County records of the county's great men. My husband manufactured soap, became president of several trusts and was just commencing to endow colleges when he died."

This speech was too great a strain for the ex-soap maker's wife after her recent catastrophe. She fell again, but the fall this time was of a different nature. The doctor was summoned and, although he did not pronounce the injury dangerous, he advised that Mrs. Neureich should not be moved until her condition should improve. So she was installed in the best guest-chamber of the Beryl Mansion.

(To be continued.)

A SUMMER WITH HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

The quaint little studio stands on a steep bluff overlooking the beautiful valley, through which gleaming and sparkling in the sunlight the waters of the blue Muskingum slowly wind their way, and from whose moss-covered banks, shaded by the branches of oaks and elms, stretch green fields, which rise abruptly into rugged hills, whose summits seem to meet the delicious blue of a summer heaven and make earth and sky as one. As soon as one enters this studio he is charmed with the atmosphere of art and genius, which is revealed to the eye on all sides. The quaint and artistic furnishings are those which one sees only in the sanctum of a true artist.



The walls are covered with rare tapestries and the drawings of many artists. Covering the floor are the skins of animals and soft, rich-toned rugs and standing in the center of the room beneath a cozy reading lamp is a table strewn with books and magazines.

In the most conspicuous place stands the easel bearing always a picture in some stage of its development, and beside it is a table on which are innumerable brushes, paints and crayons.

It is here far away from the toil and strife of the busy world that one of our leading artists of today spends many hours putting into form those ideas which are later to be presented to the world.

This artist's summer's work is chiefly illustrating. First of all that the artist may know just how much range has been

given for his imaginative ability, the book must be carefully read. It depends greatly upon how much or how little the author has left for the artist's imagination to create whether his work is easy or difficult.

Often the author so closely describes his characters that there is nothing for the artist to do but to put into form the character created by the author and again he depends almost so completely upon the artist's ideas to perfect his characters that it means great labor.

It is this work that is the real test of the artist, for without the power of interpretation and the capability of the true artist's mind to create those visions, which, when revealed will appeal to the eyes of the lovers of art and beauty, he is unable to win success.

It is just such a problem as this that many a summer night long after everything was wrapped in slumber, he sits alone and studies until the picture is painted on his imagination. The picture in his mind, now step by step, is revealed to us, first by a mere outline on the canvas, the outline takes on form and color, the forms are softened, the colors blended, a change here and there, a final scrutinizing book, followed by a smile of approval, and the picture of his dreams has become a thing of life and color.

Gertrude E. Petty, '10.

THE BORDER ON THE CHAPEL WALL.

The visiting Professor, Mr. Bradberry, allowed his eyes to roam around the chapel as the pupils were singing the hymn. Suddenly he gave a slight exclamation, for in looking around his eyes had chanced to light on the chapel wall. He immediately recognized its border as a copy of a long sentence in Ancient Egyptian. He had seen the original round the wall of an ancient tomb in Egypt. It had baffled all efforts at discovery and the professors had finally decided that it was after all only a border and not writing. He himself had been

almost convinced when he had found a little slab, on which was an Ancient Egyptian inscription which, after translation, read thus: "He who discovers the meaning of this border or ever copies it correctly shall immediately disappear from the earth and from the sight of mortals." He has said nothing about his discovery to the others, and after several months of futile endeavor, he was forced to give it up and return to America.

Now, here on this wall was a copy of that very border. He saw, however, that there was something, he knew not what, wrong about it. It was not quite exact. He got the name and address of the architect who had designed the chapel, from the president of the college. The next day he set out in search of him. He went to the given address and was told there that the architect had left for England a month before. "He was always workin' and fussin' over some crazy drawin', the landlady said, "and one day he comed to me and said he must go to England and give me his address." She gave that address to the Professor and he set out for England in a boat that sailed the next day. Arrived there he sought for the architect. He received the same answer everywhere he went. The architect had left a day or two before. He always got his address. Everywhere he was informed that the architect was working day and night at some design. Finally he tracked him to Egypt to the very tomb where the border was.

He entered the tomb and saw seated on a stone a white-haired old man with a long white paper stretched out on a slab in front of him, intently studying the border on the wall. He looked down as the Professor entered and the Professor told him of his search and of his wanderings and asked what the border meant. The architect said to him, "My friend, for many weary years I have studied this border. When I took the contract for the Chapel of Dilworth Hall I wanted some original design for the wall. I had seen this border, and as I was very good at copying designs, I decided that I would use this one. After it was all finished I realized that it was not copied correctly. I did not know what was wrong; I only knew something was the matter. From that day to

this I have worked on it. I have been all over the world in search of those who could help me and now I have come back to this tomb to finish it. As I drew each word correctly its meaning was made clear to me and at last I have all but one word. When I draw it I shall disappear forever." For hours there was profound silence. Suddenly he pushed the paper to the Professor, crying, "I have it! I have it! it means—" and he and the paper disappeared forever.

Jeannette Roenigk, '10.

SKETCHES.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

On Christmas Elmer got a sled,
But John a hobby horse instead.
I told John my horse would always go,
Without my having to wait for snow.

"I know," said Elmer, "but just you wait,
When the snow falls I set your horse a gait."
So they wrangled from early morn till night,
Which always ended with some sort of a fight.

John made the old horse rear and dance,
But poor Elmer never got a chance,
To show his brother how he could go,
For the winter passed without a snow.

Louisa M. Porter.

BEING THE ADVICE OF A SENIOR TO A FRESHMAN
ON THE OCCASION OF THE FRESHMAN
ATTENDING HER FIRST PROM.



My Sister: Hearken and take heed, for the ways of the Prom men are unto me even as a lesson in "Physiognomy."

Take counsel, and when thou goest to a dance, do not give thy dances promiscuously. Do not give them to the handsome man **only**, for sometimes the best looking man is the worst dancer; but rather distribute them carefully, never giving one man more than two.

There are men thou shouldst avoid, my youthful sister, and if thou followest me carefully I will instruct thee in the way to know these men.

I. If a man asks, "Is this my skate?" know that he frequents a place called "The Garden," and treat him accordingly.

II. If a man pays thee a compliment, do not feel too joyful, for likely he says the same thing to every girl he dances with.

III. If a man holds thee tightly and makes a sudden dash every time he sees an open space in the floor, know that he is a foot-ball player and sees a good chance for a touchdown.

IV. Shun the man who dances the "Espanita" divinely, for he is sure to be fickle.

V. Should a man step on thy toes do not call him "clumsy!" and "brute!" but wait until thou meetest him in the "Paul Jones," then give him an icy stare.

VI. If a man asks thee to dance the "Boston," know that he goes to **Yale**.

VII. Beware of him who asks thee to sit out a dance, for thy foolish heart might think he has designs on it.

VIII. If a man admires the decorations (**when there aren't any**), very likely he don't know what you look like.

IX. When one inquires "Which way is the Palm Room?" know that he has been to Princeton Proms.

X. But if he says "**Great floor, this**" and "**Fine Music,**" know that he is used to dances and enjoy yourself accordingly.

Helen Scully, '09.

WINTER'S WIND.

Up the street and down the lane,
Blowing to and fro,
Comes the winter's wind again,
Threatening us with snow.

Edna S. Hall, '11.

SUPERSTITION.

We of this age, say that we are not superstitious, but if we stop to think for a minute it will be found that almost everyone is superstitious.

The word superstition come from the Latin—super meaning over; and stare, to stand. Superstition originally meant "a standing still over or by a thing," and from that meaning comes wonder, amazement, dread.

In all un-Christianized nations superstition still has a strong hold, for Christianity has done more than anything else to overthrow superstition.

The ancients were very superstitious, especially the Greeks, who would not go to war or engage in battle without

some sign from the gods, as to whether they were for or against them. The Greeks, also, believed that twelve gods inhabited the heavens, who frequently came to earth, by way of the rainbow, and went about as common men. The Egyptians thought that the spirits of the dead went into certain animals, therefore they were very kind to some animals.

Even the English were superstitious, and in the thirteenth century they thought that cleanliness betokened pride, and filthiness, humility and sanctity.

But all superstitions did not die with the Greeks and Egyptians, and we meet them daily in educated, Christian America, even at Dilworth Hall.

Have you not walked along the street with a girl who would stop to pick up a hairpin, stick it in a telegraph pole, and make a wish, which is sure to come true? Then we hear it said, "Oh, they'll have bad luck, "moving in" on Friday, or the "thirteenth," whichever it happens to be. And how many of us when we see the first star on a summer evening, make a wish and say,

"Star light, star bright.
The very first star I've seen to-night,
I wish you may,
I wish you might
I wish you might,
Grant me the wish I wish to-night."

And we can readily believe that superstition is our inheritance from barbarism.

Virginia Wright, '11.

THE SNOW.

Oh, see the snow is falling,
Falling softly down;
And everywhere is winter,
Winter all around.

To us it is so joyous
To see the snow again,
For it makes us so happy
To see snow instead of rain.

Oh, see it gently falling,
So soft, and pure, and white,
It cometh down from heaven
Like a mantel in the night.

And when the snow has gone away
We sigh and say together
I wish the snow would come again,
For we love snowy weather.

M. O. S. Shinn, '11.

AN INCIDENT FROM THE RECENT ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE.

It was a sunny morning in Southern Italy and the happy people went about their daily tasks with light and cheerful hearts. The sun was so bright that it even reached to the crowded poorer districts of the city of Messina and a few bright rays came through a little window into a dark cellar. Here in this poor, but clean little home Beppo and Nita lived with their mother. Beppo was a bright little lad of eight years and Nita was his five-year-old sister. They did not have a father, and their mother, to make their meager living, sold fruit in the city. Every morning after she had cleared away the remains of their simple breakfast she went out into the streets to sell her fruit and left Beppo to take care of his sister.

On this particular morning Beppo and Nita were playing happily together while their mother worked near by singing in a rather pleasant voice an Italian lullaby. So intent were they in their play that, rather than interrupt them, she slipped out quietly and went down the street.

So they played for more than an hour unmindful of the increasing rumbling that seemed to come from under their very home. This increased and increased until Nita, becoming alarmed, began to cry. Beppo, frightened himself, was trying to comfort her when suddenly there came a great crash which was followed by many more. They felt the earthen floor under their feet tremble and shake. The air was filled with cries while the atmosphere was suffocating with dust. Always forbidden by his mother to go out of the house during her absence, he did not dare to go to the door, but with Nita crouched in terror in the darkest corner of the room. It seemed hours and hours to Beppo and yet his mother did not come. It began to grow dusk, still he could hear the deafening crashes and the terrible cries. Nita, tired out from crying, fell asleep, and after watching faithfully, seemingly hours to him, he, too, fell asleep. The next morning Beppo found something to eat and together they divided the morsel and wept for their mother. Through the little window they could see out just a tiny bit and here Beppo called lustily for help. Little Nita added her cries also but it was of no avail. Finally exhausted the little fellow fell to the floor begging Nita to make a noise. One of their forgotten toys lay near, a little red horn, and Nita forgetting a moment her fear and remembering their play, picked it up and blew it. This suggested a happy thought to her brother. For hours, it seemed days to Beppo, he blew the little horn until at last he heard a far away answering shout. Then he heard digging, and soon their door was opened and the happy children were carried to the street above. Beppo still held in his hand the little red horn that had saved them.

WINTER.

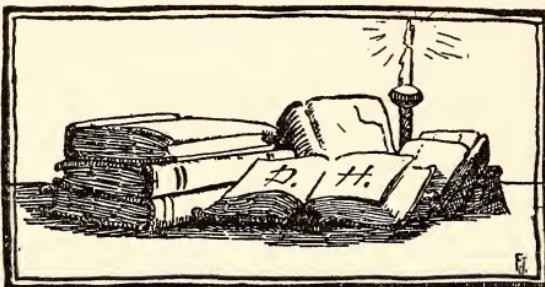
The winter days are speeding,
Spring is drawing night,
And the snow against my window
Is ever piling high.

Bluebird and robin have left us,
To the sunny south have flown;
The leaves from the trees have fallen
And I hear the wild winds moan.

Mabel C. Taggart, '11.



EDITORIAL.



When we enter our chapel now we see many things which were not there a few months ago. There is the picture of a young girl, presented to the school by the class of 1907 of the college. There are two plaques: the boys with the cymbals and the boys with the trumpets. The former was presented by the Dilworth Hall Glee Club, the latter by the College Glee Club. Also, for the stage there is a fine new carpet bought by the Dilworth Hall Dramatic Club, and new lighting which the Dramtic Club of the college procured.

The classes that were here before us have left remembrances. When we look at the window in the chapel, or the case in the library, or the picture in the hall, do they not tell us of the love of others for our school, and do they not make us feel that these things which have just been presented will tell the girls who come after us of our love? These pictures will probably hang where they are now as long as the chapel's ivy covered walls stand to speak of happy hours of song and of days of study and pleasure. Surely there is no better way of showing the devotion of a club or a class to its school than this.

The year of 1809 marked the birth of many brilliant men in this and other countries. This year of 1909 will round out the centenaries of some of the greatest geniuses of modern times.

There were so many men of note born in 1809 that we can only mention a few of the greatest. Among these famous men are musicians, statesmen, scientists and men of letters. Chopin and Mendelssohn, both very prominent in the musical world, and Lincoln and Gladstone, two wonderful statesmen, were all born exactly one hundred years ago. Science is represented by Charles Darwin, whose Theory of Evolution has revolutionized all scientific thought, and the field of literature is represented by Alfred Tennyson, Edgar Allan Poe, Oliver Wendel Holmes, and many others of less note.

It seems strange that destiny produced, in this one year, so many great men, and we cannot but wonder, if in the days to come, the year 1909 will prove so remarkable.



The basket-ball season is now at its height and twice a week the girls may be found in the gym, warm but happy over the exciting game.

On the 6th of December the Second Year team played the Fourth Year in a closely contested basket-ball game and were defeated 10—11. They vow that the next time (which is in the near future) things will go differently.

Early in the season Dilworth Hall played a "scrub game" with the College, defeating them with the score of—(well, never mind, I've forgotten.)

In the first week of March Miss Knapp's gymnasium classes will give a demonstration in physical torture, dancing, vaulting, and games. The last, and probably the most exciting feature of this program will be a basket-ball game, the first of a series, between Dilworth Hall and the College.

Miss Knapp says that suggestions for a name for the carnival, which is to be given in the spring, will be gladly received.

Basket-ball days are here again—
The gladdest of the year—
One-half of Helen's hair is gone,
And Jeanne looks like a smear.
Out on the floor the players jab,
And pull and claw and tear;
And throw the ball with all their might,
Without a single care.

A. R. M.



Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

At one of the December meetings, Mrs. McCandless, a missionary from China, gave a most interesting talk to the girls about the people of China.

Tuesday evening, January 12th, Miss Coolidge gave an account of a convention of Chinese students, representatives of Yale, Harvard, and Cornell Universities. Miss Coolidge told also of a very interesting conversation with Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister.

The pennants left over from the bazaar may be bought at the supply room.

The name of Miss Jeannette Roenigk as secretary of the Y. W. C. A. was inadvertently omitted from the autumn number of the Dilworthian.

WHAT'S DOING AMONG THE GIRLS.

We were highly entertained by the dramatic talent in Pennsylvania College. The Freshmen and Sophomores presented "The Three Chauffeurs" and "The Courting of Juf Rouw Van Lee." The Seniors and Juniors presented "A Flower of Yedda and A Royal Runaway." All were unique and original in their acting. We can say of the College girls that they have talent.

Keep an eye on the Dramatic Clubs! Dr. Lindsay says they are not only ornamental but useful. They gave a carpet and electric lighting to the stage.

The Pittsburg Alumnæ Association entertained the third and the fourth year girls of the Preparatory and High Schools of the city in the drawing rooms of Pennsylvania College. The Juniors kindly repeated "A Flower of Yedda" for their entertainment. This created lots of college enthusiasm. Refreshments were served during the social gathering.

As we are busy with work and play, we must not overlook the birthdays. The following were remembered: Mrs. Drais, Miss Few, Miss Husband, Miss Euwer, Miss Green, Miss Kerst, Miss Coolidge, Miss Porter, Miss Delany, Miss Hughes.

January 22, 1909, we were delightfully entertained by the Faculty of Music: Mr. Morgan, Miss Few, Miss Drais, assisted by Miss Kerst, Reader.

All were so busy the last two or three weeks before school closed for Christmas recess, that they were delighted to hear of the Thimble Party. This novel affair was held in the Library and all present were required to sew, upon the penalty of something being thrust at them. The refreshments were delightful and well appreciated after an evening of such strenuous work.

"It" rolled its triumphant way through school for several days in the midst of much curiosity.

The Delta Society entertained the Faculty, the Fourth and the Third classes of Dilworth Hall and the boarding students at a lecture given by Miss Beulah Kennard. After an informal and enjoyable reception, refreshments were served in the reception hall by the Delta girls.

Presentations seem to be in order this year. Surely they are most welcome.

The Dilworth Hall Dramatic Club has given a new green carpet for the stage, while the College Dramatic Club, not to be outdone, had a fine new electric light system put upon the stage, in order to show our carpet to a better advantage.

The School Glee Clubs, with their overflowing treasures, were very generous in disposing of their wealth. Miss Florence Bickel made a pleasing address, when she, in the name of both clubs, presented two plaster plaques of the "Singing Boys." They are a most appropriate and enduring symbol from our "Singing Girls."



QUIPS AND CRANKS AND WANTON WILES.

Of all sad words
Of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—
"I've blushed again."

Question bothering the Latin scholars—"If a horse costs \$120, how much will a pony cost?"

"All Gaul is divided into three parts," read a pupil.
"Yes," mused another, "into brass, nerve and cheek."

The tragedy of the bicycle—Bury, sick, kill.

Editor—"Always write your jokes on the thinnest paper possible."

Young Humorist—"Why?"

Editor—"So I can see through them."

Don't become alarmed if on any Thursday afternoon you hear peculiar sounds issuing from the Lab. It is only the Fourth year girls experimenting in Chemistry.

It is said that two of our girls are contemplating matrimony.

Which is worse, the week of exams or the week after?

Vacation seems but a dream, so far behind and so far ahead.

The Fourth year girls are having strenuous times—exams, mid-year dance, and then rehearsals for their class play.

Asked in Chemistry—"Does macaroni grow or is it manufactured?"

Anybody wishing to know about "the breaking of the sea on the cold gray rocks" should inquire of Rose.

A flea and a fly in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the flea, "Let us fly!"
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
So they flew up a flaw in the flue.

Oh, how the Second year girls do love Geometry! Ask them.

Hint to Mathematicians—If with the opening of the door you receive a bow and the words “Good-bye,” understand that it is the new way of being sent out of class.

Heard in German Class—Miss H.—“What kind of order is in this sentence, Miss W.?”

Miss W.—“Transported.”

A man ran into a physician’s office the other day and said a man had swallowed a two-foot rule and was dying by inches. The doctor said that was nothing, as he had a patient once who swallowed a thermometer and died by degrees.

“Judge,” said Mrs. Smith to the magistrate, who had recently come to board with her, “I’m particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup.” “I have tried it,” replied the magistrate, “and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi.”

“Now, Johnny,” said the Sunday School teacher, “can you tell me one of the most remarkable things Moses did?”

“Yes, ma’am,” replied the bright youth. “He broke all of the commandments at the same time.”

The Sunday School teacher expected a visit from the superintendent and she wanted the boys to be well posted, especially about Moses. She tried to impress them with these facts: Moses was a good man, Moses was an austere man, and Moses made atonement for the sins of his people.

The superintendent came and asked who Moses was. Johnny quickly replied, “Moses was a good oyster, and he made ointment for the skins of his people.”

Miss H.—“What three words are most used in German?”

Miss M.—“Ich weiss nicht.”

Miss H.—“Correct.”

What great Scotchman would you name if a footman knocked at your door?—John Knox.

An old lady who had been reading the health officer's weekly reports thought that “total” must be an awfully malignant disease, since as many die of it as all the rest put together.



EXCHANGES.

The Dilworthian is much interested in the short stories found in the February number of “The Scroll,” and we thank it for the expression of good opinion of The Dilworthian.

We are glad to exchange with “The Thurston Miscellany.” We always find the Editor's Table worth reading.

The Dilworthian is glad to exchange with “The Rarebit” of Miss Marshall's school in Philadelphia, not only because of the high literary merit of the journal, but because it gives us news of one of our former students.

Through the kindness of Miss Catherine Thompson, The Dilworthian has on its table the Bryn Mawr paper, “Typ-no O'Bob.”



THE
DILWORTHIAN
—
SPRING 1909



THE DILWORTHIAN
 Published by the Students of
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 The Preparatory School of
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PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

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THE DILWORTHIAN



SPRING.

Spring in her loveliness,
Clad in her fairest dress,
Our dearest, brightest guest,
Cometh to greet us.
Winter with robes of white,
With his long snowy night,
As a bird taking flight,
Once more has left us.

Songsters in all the trees,
Fill every passing breeze,
With purest melodies,
Telling love's story.
Butterflies tinged with gold,
Come from cells dim and old;
Softly their wings unfold,
In radiant glory.

All the sweet flowers of Spring,
Which the warm showers bring,
Among the grasses spring,
Throughout the meadows.
Each dainty flowerlet—
Arbutus, violet—
Not one can we forget,
Windflower or primrose.

So welcome happy time,
Away with frost and rime,
And let the blue bells chime;
 Gone is the winter.
Chill wintry storms are past;
Warm days are coming fast,
Springtime is here at last—
 Gladly we greet her.

Elizabeth Pardee, '10.

THE TOWER ROOM—(Continued).

By Juanita Husband, '09.

After Professor Beryl had seen that Mrs. Neurich was comfortable for the night, he sat down by his study window. It was a tempestuous night and one wildly singular in its terror. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in the vicinity of the Beryl mansion; and the exceeding density of the clouds, which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house, did not prevent Professor Beryl's perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away in the distance. He had no glimpse of the moon or stars—nor was there any flashing forth of lightning.

Suddenly from the tower room above, there came indistinctly to his ears a faint cry,—like the weeping of a child. The wailing grew louder and louder, but suddenly ceased at its highest pitch. Professor Beryl started from his reverie then guiltily settled back into his chair. Then again he started abruptly and now with a feeling of wild amazement—for there could be no doubt that in this instance, he did actually hear a low, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming. Troubled as he was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and terror were predominant, he still retained sufficient self-control to remain in his chair. Surely amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and

the ordinary noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing to interest or disturb him.

Again the cry arose, this time lower, yet more penetrating than ever before—like the last moan of a dying child. No sooner had this ceased than—as if a human body had indeed at that moment fallen heavily down the stairs from the tower room,—a duller but more terrible noise smote his ears. Something, perhaps a gust of wind, blew open the stair door; then in this doorway there stood a tall figure clothed in white. Round its wrists were streaks of red and a deep band of the same terrifying hue encircled its neck.

All at once the dark clouds parted and the full light of the moon fell on this formerly scarcely discernible figure and made it more ghastly than ever before. Then with a stealthy movement it pressed closer and began to fumble along the wall. With a creeping sense of horror Professor Beryl saw the spectre moving nearer and nearer until at last it reached his side. Completely unnerved he leaped to his feet. For a moment the figure remained trembling and reeling to and fro, then with a low moaning cry fell heavily upon the floor.

BURNS'S HUMOR AND PATHOS.

“Ha! whare ye gaun ye crawlin ferlie,
Your imprudence protects you sairly.”

Imagine, if you can, a quiet country church, a hot, sultry day, a preacher, who has commenced in a droning singsong voice, his “Secondly, brethren,” and you, probably, have the same surroundings that Robert Burns had, the Sunday he wrote his “Ode to a Louse.” In the seat in front of him sat “Jenny,” all unconscious, Burns followed eagerly with his eyes, the aimless wanderings of the “creepin’ woner” as it wandered slowly in and out, hiding and reappearing, not content until it had reached the “verra towerin’ top mast height o’ missis bonnet.” Then the half amused, half serious conclusion of his thoughts:

"Oh wad some power the giftee gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!"

There are three people who are constantly impressed on the traveler's mind from the time he enters Scotland until he leaves it. They are, Bonny Prince Charley, Queen Mary and Robert Burns, for Burns is the idol of the Scotch people. They loved him both as a man, a jolly good fellow like his own "Tam o' Shanter," and as a poet, singing the praises of his country in quaint Scotch dialect, or pouring out in a wild harmonious song his own struggles and temptations, or charming the hearts of the lassies with his love songs.

Burns's life was one continual struggle against himself. Instead of paying attention only to his poetry, he was obliged to give all his energies to make a living. He abandoned his old religion, took to drink and found to his sorrow:

"The best laid scheme o' music an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy."

There is no man in literature so gifted as Robert Burns. "There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, the purest rapture in his joy." He realized the failure he had made of his life, he brooded over it. His bursts of happiness too often end in despondency. He yearned for the quiet and peace he could not gain, he even envied the humble mouse:

"Still thou art blest compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' for ward, tho' I canna see,
I guess and fear."

Carlyle says: "We are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts; neither will his works pass away from the memory of men."

His simple beauty and homely kindness have won him an eternal place, wherever his name is known.

Grace Garland, '09.

MAIDA.

Maida was the pretty little daughter of a peasant. When she went out to pick daisies and wild-flowers, she made a picture as she stooped amid the daisies and violets, her blue bonnet hanging down her back covering her pretty light brown curls, her eyes, which were as blue as the sky, spying the prettiest flowers, while her chubby hands pulled them as fast as they could. One day, while lost in her thoughts, she was startled by a voice. She saw in front of her a charming young man. She blushed and was silent for a time, but the kind face of the youth encouraged her so she began to be very friendly. Then he left her promising to meet her next day on the bank of the stream which flowed nearby.

Towards evening Maida went to the bank of the stream to meet her prince, as she called him; but he was not there. She seated herself on the grassy bank where the violets peeped at her from among their leaves. Growing impatient, she was about to leave when she heard a voice behind her say:

"Maida, dear Maida."

She looked around and saw a nymph sitting on a glassy, cool wave, her amber hair falling about her shoulders. Maida stood bewildered. The nymph broke the silence.

"Maida, come be a water-baby. A terrible monster is coming to take you away forever." Maida did not know what to do. Just then she heard horses coming down the road. Soon queer objects on horseback appeared. Now she felt the truth of the nymph's words.

"Yes, I will be a water-baby," she said, turning hastily around; but only the stream with its incessant murmur was seen or heard. Too late! The queer objects on horseback were now before her.

"We are dwarfs," said one of the little men, "sent by our king to take you to his castle."

When they saw the hot tears roll down her checks they felt very sorry for her; but they had been ordered by their king and him they must obey.

The road to the castle led through dismal forests which added terror to Maida's fears. However, the dwarf, who rode beside her seemed very kind. Although the journey was a long one, Maida did not feel tired because her richly ornamented steed carried her gently.

At last they came before the entrance to the palace, which was in the side of a hill. The good dwarf led Maida through a dark, mysterious hall, at the end of which a faint light shone. Maida went on feeling safe as long as the good dwarf accompanied her. The bright light marked the entrance into a large room. Into this room of wonderment Maida was led. The roof was of rock and was illuminated by a thousand little fire-bugs. Soon fairies appeared, followed by the long-looked for prince. How changed he was, clothed in a suit of green, like a sea-monster, with long matted hair, and eyes which glared like fire. In his hand he carried a staff about which a snake coiled itself. He spoke and all except Maida fell on their faces. Then he approached Maida and tried to imprint the fatal charm on her lips, but Maida prevented this. The monster was so angry at this that he commanded her to be his wife, at which command she said, "Nay, my lord, nay."

"You must pick all the pebbles from the bottom of the stream for ten miles in two days or become my wife," answered the monster in tones which sounded like the rumbling of thunder.

Through the long hours of the night Maida lay awake planning some means of escape until soothing sleep overcame her tired body. She was awakened just at daybreak by a kiss on her cheek. She opened her eyes to see her only friend, the kind dwarf, before her.

"Oh, dear Maida, to-day I receive my freedom and I want to take you with me," he said. "If I am discovered here I must remain twelve years longer."

At this instant the monster's voice resounded through the halls. "All ye sluggish fiends to work." The little dwarf did not wait another minute.

Maida went to the stream that morning with a very heavy heart, to pick the pebbles. The dwarf who accompanied her sat on the bank. Maida had not picked many pebbles before her little hands were cut and sore. So she sat down to rest. Soon she heard a voice say, "Maida, dear Maida." She looked up and there was the good nymph with her band of water-babies. Maida waded into the stream and disappeared.

"Free at last," was her song as she was wafted up the stream on the leaf of a lily to the spot which she had left only the day before. There she was greeted by her elfin lover, who was now a handsome young man, and there on the mossy bank of violets in the presence of all the nymphs, she was wed.

Ruth Pepperday, '09.

THE LOST CHORD.

A Character Sketch.

I sat in a car opposite my friend with whom my days, for the last year, had been constantly spent. We were returning from the final concert of the season, and I thought that never before had I heard Crawford play more exquisitely. His soul seemed to breathe in the tones of his violin. I longed to be with him alone, to tell him the feeling of the audience; although I well knew that from their frequent applause he had somewhat felt his success, himself.

A woman was seated nearby with a sleeping baby in her arms, and a little boy stood at her knee. Crawford motioned for the boy to come to him. The child delighted to have someone speak to him, joyfully climbed into him arms. What a contrast! Crawford, with his straggly brown hair, worn a little longer than the usual style, his dark eyes deeply sunken, the wrinkles of sorrow in his brow; his lips still retaining those smiling curves which showed his kind heart, his shoulders somewhat bent, and his hands weak and trembly for a man not yet termed old. The boy with light hair, blue eyes and ruddy cheeks, full of the buoyancy of childhood. He immediately began an animated conversation with Crawford, told

him how proud he was to be out at night; exclaimed with joy and curiosity at the illuminated signs which we passed. The boy's voice was so full and clear, that soon everyone who sat at our end of the car was listening to the entire conversation. Crawford was so engrossed in his new friend that he was apparently unconscious of being the cynosure of all eyes, so answered most earnestly all the child asked him. Soon the little fellow, full of enthusiasm, told him about his home and his toys, and turning his blue eyes to his new friend, he said, "Where's your home?" In apparent confusion Crawford promptly answered, "I have no more home than a jack-rabbit," and stroked the boy's head. The child clapped his hands at the thought of the little animal and said, "My rabbit's home is with me. Please tell me where yours is." Crawford grew more solemn, and answered, "I have no home, my son." But this definite reply did not seem to suit the child and he questioned him more, until when Crawford said "good-bye" he said, "Well, I am coming to see you some day, because I'm sure you must have a home."

My friend and I walked in silence down the narrow street and into our dingy room, which had well served its purpose in housing two homeless souls for one winter. The logs in the old fire place were burning low and cast their glow on the copper kettle and tongs which stood by. We removed our hats and coats, and put the instruments which gave us our livelihood into their accustomed stand in the corner. Crawford then sank, evidently exhausted, into a leather chair. I poked the fire and put on some more logs, lit my pipe and sat in another chair.

"Crawford, old man, you're a genius," I said, "the tones that you brought out of that old violin of yours were absolutely divine. When you played the 'Schummerlied' for your last encore, I glanced over the house, and as far as I could see there were tears in the eyes of half the people there. The millionaires in the boxes shyly drew their handkerchiefs across their eyes, and the old white-haired man, who is always sitting on the first row in the balcony, put his head in his hands and his shoulders heaved with honest sobs. You found the way to their hearts, Crawford, and tuned the strings

to their souls. The reporters won't be able to find adjectives to describe your touch, and next season your offers will be higher than ever." Crawford sat as silent as before. "Aren't you pleased and happy over it all?" I said.

"No," he answered, "I have not been happy for so long that I wouldn't know how to be. What is it to be able to stand on that stage; touch the chords to people's hearts, who mean nothing to mine, and receive their flattery? What is all that in comparison to having a home, a wife and a child, like that boy who sat on my knee. All these would be your very own. No one but the Almighty Master would be able to take them from you, and you could go on loving them, yea, adoring them until the end of life. Oh, Alden, that child to-night brought my whole past life back to me; reminded me not for the first time of all my youthful hopes and ambitions." He took his eyes from the glowing flames and looked at me for a moment. By the nod of my head, he knew that I wished him to continue. So settling himself more comfortably and resting his chin on his chest, he drew a long sigh, which seemed to take him back to his earliest days, and related the following: "My father and mother belonged to the old aristocracy of the South. They had little money, for most of it had been taken away during the war, but they still retained the old southern pride. We lived in a town of about ten thousand inhabitants and I was given the best education which that town had. This, nevertheless, I fear was rather scanty. By special endeavor and ambition, however, I managed to pass the examinations for entrance into one of the foremost colleges of the country. Here I took up the science of metallurgy and became very much interested in it, ranking as one of the first in my class. My youthful affections had always been centered on a girl a few years younger than I, who lived in our town. As I grew older and realized more and more what she meant to me, my love for her became so strong that, fearing lest someone would take my place in her life while I was at college, I resolved to tell her of it. So we were engaged before I went to the university, and through my years of college life she was my incentive for work, and around her I built all my highest ambitions. When I was a junior a ca-

lamity befell me from which I never shall recover. The details are too horrible to tell you, but Charlotte was drowned in a stream which flowed by our town." Here he paused for a moment and rubbed his eyes and forehead with a trembling hand. "I knew that college without the thought of her for whom I was working would be unbearable, so I left, never to return. My health broke down and for over a year I endeavored to regain it. Relinquishing entirely all my former desires and plans I took my violin and went to New York. I had played a little in college and now, having no other interest, I spent a good deal of time in this way. Meeting some musicians with whom I became very friendly, we organized a quartette and played at various entertainments, being received rather more gratefully than we deserved. Offers came to me, one by one, and I soon found myself in a very comfortable financial position. Except for the little it takes to keep me in food, clothing and lodging, I have given the greater part of my receipts to those who need it more than I. This day I find myself indebted to my violin for everything I have; even to you, Alden, who have been more to me than you can ever know." Here he stopped.

There was nothing for me to say, and we sat quiet, unconsciously drawing on our pipes and watching the embers as they slowly died out.

Louise Allderdice, '09.

SKETCHES

*Spirits of Learning.*

Perhaps you never have heard that in the last night of every month the spirits of the under-world come up to visit this world, but so I have heard. This particular night which I am going to tell about was the thirty-first of last October. At eight o'clock in a certain part of the under-world about one hundred spirits, goblins, and witches were assembled. Each stood up and stated where he was going that night so that the goblin king might know where to call him at midnight. Among them was a sprightly young goblin, about a foot and a half high, with a green suit, green, tapering shoes, a green hat, and greenest of all, two big green eyes. He was a great fancier of girls, and a shrill laugh greeted him when he rose and said: "I will take me to Dilworth Hall."

At eleven o'clock the same night he mounted a bat and went upward. A tiny door in the stone flower pot on the campus opened. The little green fellow stepped out and ran lightly up the steps. All was dark and still and the goblin glided noiselessly into the back hall. He saw a dim red light at the end of the hall and he went to it and peeped in the room which bore the number "2." Here he saw a little fairy, dressed in red, step from a red book. He doffed his hat and said in his sweetest voice, "Methinks I have never had the pleasure of seeing you before: pray who may you be?"

She looked at him coolly and said, "I am unknown."

"But have you no name?" he asked.

"No," she replied, "but let it be 'X.'" He frowned. "You talk in riddles." "No, but I speak in problems," and so saying she closed the door in his face.

The goblin scratched his head and walked on. Soon he heard soft strains of music. He looked in at a door and saw an organ played by another little fairy, entirely composed of notes. She called the little green goblin in and soon they were dancing.

"Who are you?" our little friend asked.

"I am the spirit of music, quite a notorious person."

"So I note," the green goblin said. They danced and danced until the music fairy, noting how dizzy the green goblin was, notified him that he had better stop. "I had no notion of such a good time," the little green goblin said. "It is really noteworthy, I will make a note of it in my note-book."

He said good-bye and started up the steps. At the top he turned to his left twice and then to his right and then—he nearly fell over, for in a doorway stood a mummy who winked at him. The goblin evidently had studied Ancient History, for he ran by. He saw standing at the end of the hall a man, clad in armor.

"Why, hello, Julius," the green goblin said, "what are you doing these days? Struggling with the Gauls?"

"No," Caesar replied, "the second year girls are struggling with me."

"Where's Cicero?" the goblin asked, "and where Virgil?"

"Oh, Cicero's up in the tower making a speech and Virgil's shut up in his room writing poetry."

"I must go to see Cicero," the goblin said, and he turned back. However, he did not know exactly where the tower was and he ran into a door which bore the name "Geo. Metry, Merchant." The door was opened by a spirit who had two long legs and a little wheel for a head. He kept whirling about first one way and then another on his pointed leg and drawing circles with the other, which had a pencil on the end.

"What do you deal in?" inquired the green goblin.

"Oh, angles, circles, triangles, squares, polygons. They are fine wares," he stated.

"Prove it," the goblin said, and Mr. Metry started off with "given," to prove," and so on, but the wise goblin ran away. He reached the foot of the tower stairs just as the grand-father's clock struck twelve, five times as loud as usual. The goblin quickly dropped right down through the floor to the tune of Cicero falling down stairs. ("What a time! What a state of things.")

Adeline A. Colebrook, '10

SPRING WEATHER.

The sun is high in the heavens,
The driveways and pavements are dried,
Though scarce a short week has departed
Since at the long drizzles we sighed.

The ceaseless rain is now over,
And we hope some dry weather to see,
So the bushes and trees will stop sprouting,
'Till winter has finished his spree.

Marguerite Barthberger, '12.

LITERARY ASPIRATIONS.

It is known to only a few people that I have aspirations for literary honors. It is not a new fad of mine, this writing of stories, but dates back several years. It began when I was yet in public school and my compositions were praised a little more than those of my classmates. Receiving inspiration from this, I determined to write some stories and from that time on, for about six months, all my spare time, and, incidently, my paper, were devoted to the writing of stories.

Now, the remarkable thing about these stories was that they were all on the stirring theme of love, written by an experienced young lady of thirteen. Of course, there were short compositions on such minor subjects as the teacher

would appoint, but—oh, well, they were hardly worth mentioning. I laugh now at the thought of my first bride, who, just having been rescued from a burning house, was married with a sheet for a veil. (I burned that story just a short time ago as too silly to keep. It was quite worn with frequent readings anyway.)

But, gradually, as I grew older and knew less of that stirring subject, the stories began to improve a little and I determined to try for a prize offered by an insignificant magazine. Naturally, I expected to win the largest prize, the magnificent and lordly sum of five dollars, I believe.

After carefully going through the box in which I kept my stories, I chose one. It was about a little motherless boy who fell in love with his young school teacher, and, after he had grown up, his father married "Little Teacher," but the boy was provided for also.

I copied it neatly. Every rule of the contest was observed, even to the postage for return, but such a thing was **impossible**. That it was impossible, I repeatedly told my self. My beloved story would get into print.

The contest closed on March first and I sent the story away about two weeks before the close of the contest.

Two long weeks of waiting ensued. Then after the fateful date, no postman was ever expected more anxiously than ours. Every day I expected to receive the envelope that would contain the check for the first money I had ever earned.

A week passed, a second, then a month, and nothing was heard of my poor little story, cast out on the turbulent sea of literature.

Two years have passed. The impossible **has** happened. The story has **not** been returned, neither has it been published.

Florence B. Moodey, '10.

THE LUNCH PERIOD.

From a quarter of eleven to eleven o'clock is the only time of the day that the girls of Dilworth Hall have permission to eat, drink and be merry. It was during that period

that I stood in the doorway of the lunch-room and listened. I feel sure that the confusion and noise at the "Tower of Babel," was no worse than I heard. At one small table where there were no less than six girls seated, I heard Latin, French, German and English spoken all at once. A quietlooking little girl entered the lunch room with a box of fudge, she, or perhaps the candy, was immediately surrounded by two dozen girls. It's wonderful what attraction a box of fudge has. Then I heard some one call, "Harriet! Harriet, won't you help me to translate my Latin; we have it next period and I don't know a word of it." I saw another girl, devouring a German book with her eyes and a sandwich with her mouth. I wasn't eave's dropping, but I couldn't help hearing Edna say, "My, what a good dancer he is, I'd like to dance with him forever." Just then Irene rushed up to Edna, "Oh, do you know him too? Well you ought to see him skate." Just then the bell rang. I was gently pushed out of the doorway and all the girls went hurrying to their class rooms.

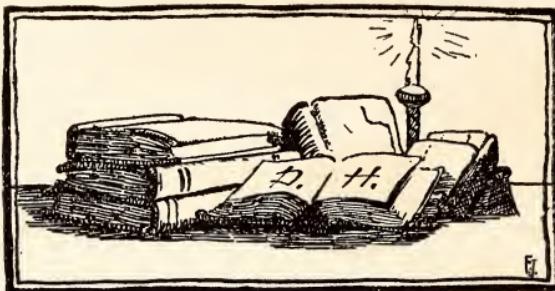
Rhea H. Fischer, '12.

THE AWAKENING.

As we turned into the woodland lane, we stopped at the sound of a sapsucker, who, powerfully thrusting his beak into the heart of a tree, sought for his first fresh meal. The faint, fragrant odors of spring made our spirits rise higher and higher. Going out into the open, on a brown hillside, we heard the full, sweet notes of a song sparrow. We searched on the dull brown hill for the dainty arbutus, and in the green new grass we found the timid violet peeping out at us. We walked up the hill seeing the robins hopping about, and the new foliage budding out on the trees. The top of the hill having been reached, we saw the sun, in all his glory, going down behind the horizon. It seemed as if it had never been so gorgeous before, and as it slowly disappeared, it seemed to say, "Mother Nature has called her children, and after their awakening, I shall be able to shine on them again."

Harriet Haskell, '12.

EDITORIAL.

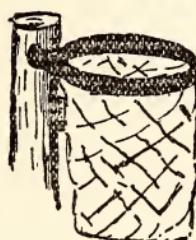
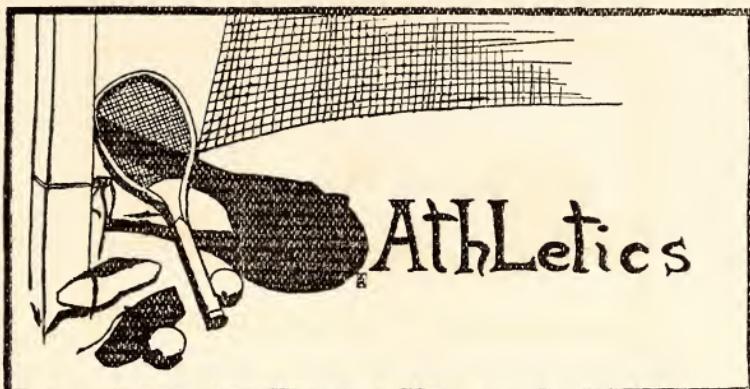


Now that commencement time is drawing so near, it is interesting to look back over the other years at former graduations from our school. It is now almost seven years since the first commencement from The Pennsylvania Preparatory School took place. In 1903 six girls graduated, among them Miss Johnson, one of our faculty. Each girl had a part; several themes being read and musical selections played.

In 1906, at the last commencement of Pennsylvania Preparatory School, quite a program was rendered. The French parts of "Henry V." were given by three girls; an essay was read, and then the class grinds were given. Then P. P. S. became Dilworth Hall, and in 1907 only one girl spoke. Last year, also, one girl gave the salutation, but this year three girls have been chosen, Elizabeth Yagle, Juanita Husband and Marie Wiess. 1909 is the longest class Dilworth Hall has ever had, and we hope that we shall not lose them all in June, but that next autumn may find some of them enjoying Lindsay Hall, and the increased dignity of P. C. W. girls.

Y. W. C. A.

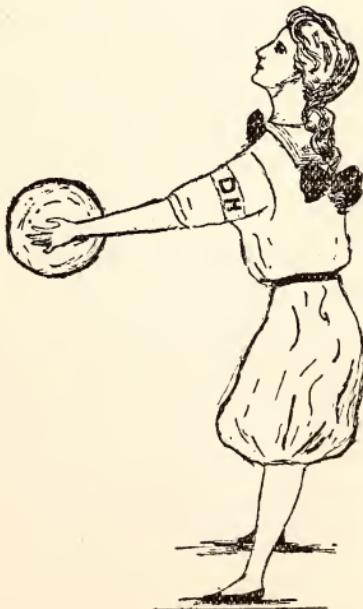
The Y. W. C. A. sent four delegates with several other girls to the Conference at Beaver, Pa., on March 5th to 7th. There were a great many interesting and inspiring addresses given by the World's Y. W. C. A. Secretary and other secretaries. Dr. J. K. McClurkin made the opening address Friday evening and Dr. Lindsay made the closing address Sunday evening. The girls were very much pleased with their visit, and were most cordially entertained, but they were also very glad to get back to P. C. W. and D. H. again. They think there is no place like home.



Preparations are in progress for the much talked-of-event—the Carnival of Dances, which is to be held in Dilworth Hall on May 7th. There will be dances of all kinds and descriptions—from Pickinines to Fluffy Ruffles. This carnival is for the benefit of the Athletic Association, and every enthusiastic girl should put all her energy towards making it successful—this means COME TO PRACTICE!

Following the carnival will come the great annual event—May Day. If the weather man permits, May 15th is the day set.

The Athletic Association is to institute something new—an annual Field Day for Dilworth Hall and the College. There will be running, jumping, and games, and a cup will be given to the class winning the greatest number of points.



MUSIC NOTES.

The College and Dilworth Hall Glee Clubs gave their annual concert the evening of March 12th. The clubs have put much hard work into their music this winter, as could be seen by their program, and the large audience was well pleased. The second half of the program was a clever little musical comedy written by Miss Few. It was original and picturesque and was enthusiastically received.

The Glee Clubs gave an entertainment at Kingley House on March 10. It was followed by a social hour, much enjoyed by the girls.

On March 21, the Glee Club sang at a meeting which the college Y. W. C. A. held at the Lawrenceville Y. W. C. A. building.

We are looking forward with great pleasure to a concert which the "Tech" Mandolin and Glee Clubs will give in Dilworth Hall on April 16.

The Mandolin Club.

The Mandolin Club is formed again and the girls meet every Tuesday afternoon at half-past three o'clock. Mr. Schneidlmeier is the teacher and Miss Mary Kramer is the leader.

BERTHA KUNZ BAKER'S READING.

A reading of "The Servant in the House" was given in Dilworth Hall, Friday, February the twenty-sixth, by Mrs. Bertha Kunz Baker, who touched our hearts with her beautiful interpretation of Mr. Kennedy's fine morality play. Mrs. Baker compelled her own personality to bring out the different personalities of the characters in the story. To all appearance she suffered mental agony with the drainsman. In the parts of Reverend Smythe and Martha, she seemed to feel the

divine power of the "Servant" which removed trifling thoughts and put in their place great love of God, enabling us to clearly understand human rights. The effect upon the audience proved that Mrs. Baker deserves the reputation of being at the head of her profession.

Mrs. Bertha Kuntz Baker gave a reading on Friday afternoon, February 26, for all the girls of the school. It was informal, and Mrs. Baker's program was composed of light verses. She gave it in the form of a series of little travels, and each poem represented a place. Some of them were: "In Her Majesty's Service," "One, Two, Three," "In the Boudoir," and Kipling's poem about the whale. Afterwards Mrs. Baker met the girls personally, and tea was served in the reception room.

THE FOURTH YEAR PLAY.

Before the Curtain.

On the evenings of March 26th and 27th, the Fourth Year class presented a dramatization of Jane Austin's novel, *Pride and Prejudice*. We were promised something fine, and our expectations were more than realized. It would be difficult to say which one of the girls was best. From the time the curtain was raised to show us the irresistible Mrs. Bennett and her husband planning for their daughter's future until it went down, leaving the beautiful Elizabeth in Mr. Darcy's keeping, we were filled with delight. Surely Miss Kerst was proud of the Fourth Year girls,—and she had a right to be. They worked long and hard, with diligence and patience, and the result was the best play ever given in Dilworth Hall. Here's to Miss Kerst and the Fourth Year Girls!

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Darcy (of Pemberley, Derbyshire)...Helen Monro Scully
Mr. Bingley (of Netherfield, Hertfordshire)...Helen Eliza Blair

Colonel Fitzwilliam (Cousin to Darcy).....	Grace Winifred Garland
Mr. Bennet (of Longbourn).....	Jane Boyd Hill
Mr. Collins (a cousin of Mr. Bennet, and next in entail of Longbourn Estate).....	Grace McMaster Wilson
Sir William Lucas.....	Marguerite Alvina Heeren
Colonel Forster.....	Alice Bovard Stoeltzing
Col. Wickham (an officer of the Regiment).....	
.....	Jennie MacLean Gray
Mr. Denny.....	Marie Elizabeth Voegly
Harris (the butler at Longbourn)...	Margaret Hunter Corbett
Martin (footman at Netherfield)...	Adelaide Pauline Bartberger
Mrs. Bennet (the wife of Mr. Bennet).....	
.....	Juanita Marie Husband
Jane (eldest daughter of the Bennets)....	Jean Lucile Hughes
Elizabeth (their second daughter) ..	Ruth Madeline Pepperday
Lydia (their youngest daughter).....	Alice Caroline Michel
Lady Lucas (the wife of Sir William)...	Marie Louise Weiss
Charlotte Lucas (daughter of Sir William).....	
.....	Edna Grace Phillips
Miss Bingley (sister of Mr. Bingley)....	Gertrude Leah Main
Lady Catherine De Bourg.....	Emma Cyril Aronson
Hill (the housekeeper at Longbourn)...	Marian Lowry Euwer
Martha (the maid at the parsonage).....	
.....	Elizabeth Marguerite Yagle
Guests at Ball—Mary Lucile Grier, Mildred May Renwick, Helen McCune Kimball.	

Behind the Scenes.

At last it was really eight o'clock in the evening. Although the audience was probably quite calm, behind the curtain there was an entirely different state of affairs. Lady Katherine was madly rushing around for her lace cape, which she was sure somebody had stolen! Mr. Bennet was trying to pour poor Mrs. Bennett into a dress about six inches too small for her. Mr. Darcy was yelling for his coat and Colonel Forester was trying to keep cool under his wonderful beard, that was the hit of the evening.

Finally the bell rang and up went the curtain. But, alas! It went up too far and showed the beautiful arrangement of the electric lights. After some wild tearing around the curtain was fixed and it behaved very well the rest of the evening.

The first act went off with no trouble at all, except some wild beating of hearts. But slowly each one got over those flutterings and by the end of the evening the actors were as calm as the audience.

Between the first and second acts there was a terrible tragedy. An awful crash was heard and before our horrified eyes we saw the remains of what was once a crock with a palm in it. Everybody ran for a broom and between the whole troupe the mess was cleared up. Everybody wondered how much we should have to pay for the palm, but it was placed in a new crock the next day and we didn't have to pay a cent.

You probably noticed that Mr. Wickham and Mr. Collins were not in the second act, but let me assure you they were flying around behind the scenes getting ready. By way of repayment they ate all the sandwiches and cakes that were left. The grape juice had been well watered to make it go around.

What a sigh of relief Mr. Bingley gave when his proposal was over and what a hard time Mr. Darcy had to say his naughty words. Mrs. Bennett nearly stopped the whole performance when she swished her train around. Everybody, however, was "uniformly charming" and had a good time at the ball even if the grape juice was watered.

In the fourth act the curtain at one of the doors fell down and one of the actors had the pleasure of holding it up. I could say much more about the delightful actors and actresses, but words fail to express my sentiments. We are all thinking of going on the stage and we shall expect the Dilworthian to "puff us."

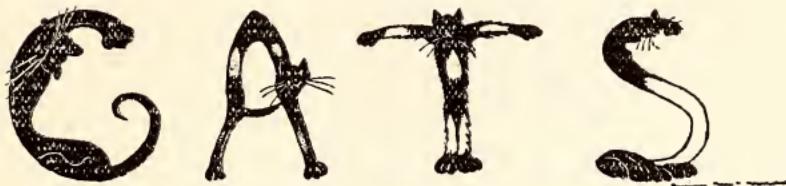
Grace M. Wilson, '09.

On April 23d the two Dramatic Clubs will give an evening entertainment of living pictures. This is something new and promises to be very interesting.

FIRST AND SECOND YEAR PARTY.

Miss Coolidge, Miss Brownlee, Miss Campbell, and Mrs. Armstrong gave a tea on Friday afternoon, March fifth, in honor of Dilworth Hall First and Second. The decorations, favors and refreshments were carried out in their class colors. Most of the afternoon was spent in drawing Mother Goose pictures and in guessing the rhymes from the drawings. A Mother Goose match followed, at which the entire rhymes were repeated. Miss Louise Kimball took the prize in the first contest and Miss Ruth Martin in the second. After this the girls were taken into the reception room, where refreshments were served. This was followed by a musical program in the drawing rooms: A vocal solo by Miss Hazel Hall, accompanied by Miss Elspeth Prichard, and piano solos by the Misses Amelia Donovan, Elspeth Prichard and Annie Smith. So passed a very pleasant afternoon.





By Anthony H. Euwer (by permission.)

1. What is it that walks like a Cat, and has a tail like a Cat, and makes a noise like a Cat, and looks like a Cat, but it ain't a Cat? It's a kitten.
2. Very skinny Cats is sometimes said to be Catdaverous.
3. When Cats are knocked during the persuit of musical leighbors it is called a Catastrophe.
4. The principal products of Cats is Cat's-eyes, Cat-tails, Catacombs, Catamarans, Categories, Catapults, Catnip, and Caterers.
5. The principal diseases of Cats is Cataracts, Catarrh, Catagoria, Catarwauls, Caterpillars, Catawba and Cataleapsy.
6. Cats are different breeds, according to their dispositions. Cats that's made for little boys and girls to maul and tease is called Maltese Cats. Some Cats is known by their queer purs,—these is called Pursian Cats. Cats with deep feelins is called Feline Cats.
7. No Cat has five legs,—if they have, taint a Quadruped Cat. Tri-pod Cats is made by cuttin off one leg.

EASTER HATS.

Easter vacation is here at last,
And cold, dismal winter has once more passed,
It's time for new hats, girls,
Oh! isn't it fine?
Come, let's get a new one
Without wasting time.

There are large ones and small ones,
Some turned-down ones, too,
Now which do you think
Will most become you?

Some have roses and daisies,
Some ribbons and frills,
Some have bright colored lilacs,
And some have on quills.
But do try and be thoughtful
Of the one back of you,
Don't get one so large
As to shut out his view.

Hazel Hall, '12.

EXCHANGES.

The Dilworthian was glad to receive the following exchanges: "The Thurston Miscellany," from Miss Thurston's School; "The Scroll," from the Washington Seminary; "The Magnet," from the Butler High School; "The Rarebit," from Miss Marshall's School, Oak Lane, Philadelphia, and "Ouï Dire," from the Stuart-Mitchell School. This is the first number of the "Ouï Dire" we have received, and we admire it very much.



THE
DILWORTHIAN
—
SUMMER 1909



THE DILWORTHIAN

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The Preparatory School of

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

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No. 4.

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Literary communications should be given to the Editor-in-Chief.

Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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THE DILWORTHIAN



VERITA.

You have never heard the story? It is old, every one in Pahwharita knows it. Not even a dog will bark at the "Pobre Padre." Thank you, Senor, the "pesos" are very few these days. I shall be pleased to relate: You have often heard of the Senorita Karida-y-Muntosa; she is a great singer, I believe, the Americanos prefer her even above their own singers; they rave about her hair and her black eyes and say she is of Spain's first families, tho' few ever bother to find out where she came from and, indeed, they would never discover if she could help it. The Senorita is not proud to claim Pahwharita as her "Cindad."

Senor, once there lived in this city a poor family. The father would not work, he would only smoke and drink, every day his "siesta" would begin early in the morning and last till the sun went down. His wife was a busy woman, it was she who kept the family in "frijoles;" otherwise they would have starved.

Fortunately they had only one child, a girl, called Verita, pretty enough, with her big eyes and small hands. She, too, helped to earn money, for when the Americanos came to Pahwharita for the winter, she would sing and dance for them at the hotels. The girl had a wonderful voice, Senor, even the Americanos knew that.

When she was sixteen, Pedro Yadoso saw her, he loved her, and she said she loved him. Neither her father nor her mother objected to the marriage, for Pedro had a little money and had promised to take care of them. But Verita did not want to marry, she only said, "When women marry they must make tortillas and grow old and fat; therefore, let us wait; I am too beautiful to marry. Pedro humored her for a time because he loved her, but finally he grew angry and sullen. Then she gave him half promises and would sing to him with that sweet voice of hers. Pedro was a good man, and when Verita would sing the love songs of Spain, he always forgave her and pleaded only for an answer to his request.

One night Verita came to him pleadingly and begged him to take her to the hotel. There were to be many fine people there, for the Americanos were giving a ball. The dresses of the Senors and Senoritas would be beautiful, "satin covered with shining jewels," said Verita in an awed voice. Oh! if Pedro would only take her, she could wear her new mantilla and put a rose in her hair—so—and she looked at Pedro out of the corners of her black eyes and held a rose to her hair. Pedro could not say no.

All the way to the ball she chattered to Pedro about the Americanos. "Pedro, maybe they will see me and ask me to sing." Pedro grunted. "How should they know you, "Quor-ida Mea?"

Finally they arrived and were standing looking at the grand Senors and Senoritas, when the man who was directing

the music, seized Verita by the arm. "You sing?" he said, "Come," and he pulled her after him. Pedro caught her dress. "No, Senor, she shall not go," he said, "She cannot sing. I am her betrothed, she must stay with me."

The music Senor was angry, he talked loudly and cursed Pedro. Verita begged to go and, finally, between the two, Pedro's permission was gained.

The grand Senor then explained that the woman they had hired to sing, was sick and could not come. He had heard of Verita, and now she must sing. Oh! Senor, that was a great night for Verita but a bad one for Pedro. Verita sang that night far better than ever before. Pedro was proud of her, but he was worried, too, for, meaning no offense to you, Senor, the Americanos take from the Mexicans all the good things they find, and Pedro feared for Verita.

On the way home that night, Verita chattered so much that she did not notice how quiet Pedro was, not until she came to her own "casa" did she see anything was amiss, then she pouted a bit, thinking she could bring him around as she had many times before; so she lingered in the moonlight and was very kind to Pedro. When he was leaving that evening, she threw him the rose that she had in her hair, first kissing it with a light little laugh.

The next two days Pedro was busy digging mesquite wood on the prairie and bringing it to town, so that he did not have a chance to see Verita. But on the third evening he took his guitar and started down the long cool road that led through the village, for Verita lived in the farthest house. Maybe the Senor has seen it, it is famous now?

But when he passed the houses the women called to him and asked him if he had heard of Verita's good luck. Pedro supposed they meant the affair at the hotel, so he smiled and nodded assent.

Soon he came to the dobe where the Keriday-Mantoso's lived. The door was open and he stepped in expecting to see Verita putting the finishing touches to her dress or arranging her mantilla. But he saw no Verita, Senor, only old Barbrique, her mother. She did not turn when he came in and when he spoke she answered him coldly. Finally he asked where he

might find Verita. Then Barbrique turned to him and told him harshly that Verita had gone—gone with the great music Señor. She would soon be great, she would have satin dresses and would earn much money. She would send back so many Pesos that Barbrique could have a carriage of her own if she chose. Pedro was stunned, he would not believe her. He said she was crazy. Then Barbrique cursed him. She talked wildly and long as all women do, Señor. The Yadoso's are proud. Pedro did not stay to hear the foolish talk of an old woman. He came to the village again. He has never left it.

Verita has never visited her own ciudad Señor, neither did Barbrique get her carriage. Twelve years ago she died poorer than ever.

Señor, when the Americanos have a grand ball in the Hotel, Pedro hides in his house. He will not come with the rest of us to look on, neither will he take the money the Americanos offer him.

But I, Señor, I am not proud. Ah! many thanks, the blessed Virgin will smile on the gracious Americano. The sun has moved again, I am an old man, Señor, I must follow the sun.

Grace Garland, '09.

BOBBY BACHELOR.

A Character Sketch.

One beautiful Sunday in summer as I was sitting on the porch, I saw my mother coming home from church, accompanied by a funny little old man. He was one of the most peculiar looking persons I had ever seen to be abroad in common everyday life; he seemed like a character from David Copperfield or Bleakhouse.

He was slight and had the appearance of having shrunken, as his clothes were much too large for him, even the little green cap on the top of his head was too large. He had a very long neck and very large eyes and ears; in fact, his eyes

and ears seemed to be the largest part of him, and altogether he looked like a withered apple left on the tree in winter time.

This was my first introduction to one of the most eccentric and at the same time most interesting cousins that I have ever met. His name, as queer as his person, is Bobby Bachelor.

With apologies to the colleges, he is a man with a college education. He has taken a course both in theology and medicine. I do not know whether he ever practiced medicine or not, but he had been a preacher for some years, "way out West," and the stories he told of the West were marvelous.

No such strawberries ever grew anywhere else than in his garden, for they were fully the size of teacups, and his cabbages measured two feet across. I have never heard of such potatoes, and such corn as his, except in some fairy tale; and such experiences with baldfaced bears and wildcats, and all the other wild animals were never heard of outside "The Jungle Book."

Now, Bobby was very fond of pets; he had a little canary bird of which he was specially fond. By flying above his head or near him, this little bird would follow him to the city or wherever he went and back home again. He trained this bird to do wonderful tricks. There was something very pathetic about this lonely old man and his strong attachment for that little bird. One time we asked him about his wife, of whom he often spoke very fondly. His courtship it seems was as strange as you would expect from such a man.

After he had graduated from college he commenced to look around for a wife, as several of his friends had been advising him to marry. But he didn't know any desirable girls, so one of his very obliging friends said he knew several, and one of whom would make Bob a good wife. He wanted to take Bob home with him to meet them. Bob couldn't go, so he asked his friend to send him the pictures of the girls. His friend sent Bob the pictures of two desirable girls and Bob chose the one he liked better and married her.

He spoke of having lost his wife. We weren't quite sure whether it was by death or by law, but afterward found out that it was by law.

In some of his stories, Bob spoke very mysteriously of his bag of "jim stones." After speculating a great deal over "jim stones," we found out that he meant gem stones or jewels, which he promised to bring down to show us. So one day he came arrayed in a bright green vest, a tie with a violet painted on one end and wearing a felt hat which nearly eclipsed his head. He had brought a tin box which contained his valuables and his "jimstones." But the jimstones which we all were so curious about, proved to be nothing but specimens of quartz of some other stones, and only one opal of value. He left this tin box, which contained, besides some curiosities and his "jimstones," some of his diplomas, at our house for safe keeping for several years.

After our cousin Bobby came back from the West he spent his time visiting his relations and trying many different forms of occupation.

He tried his hand at anything from a chaplain in a boys' school to hospital positions and preaching. But the last we heard of him, he had gone to a home for retired preachers.

This is the life of Bobby Bachelor. He started out to do so many things that he couldn't make a success of anything. But Bobby was always cheerful, and though the world gave him the cold shoulder, he bore it with a brave front, and I expect to see him turn up almost anyday and hear him say "Hello, how are you, are you through fractions yet?"

Marian L. Euwer, '09.

THE TOWER ROOM.

The white thing lay motionless on the floor. It seemed as if Professor Beryl would never be able to make a light, but at last he succeeded in lighting a candle that stood on a tall brass candlestick, on a corner of his desk. By the aid of its faint, glimmering light, he was not able to discern, clearly, the objects around him, which looked more ghostly than ever. Slowly he advanced toward the thing lying there, motionless on the floor. His heart was beating so loudly that he could

almost hear its palpitation. Surely a man of his understanding could not lower himself to believe in ghosts! But ghosts are generally very thin. Indeed they are always supposed to be transparent. There was nothing transparent about this apparition. He knelt down and by the aid of the flickering light of the candle, he looked into the face of—Mrs. Neureich.

How did she come here? Why did she come? But of all things, what was he to do? A pitcher of water was near at hand, so, since he had always heard that water was the best remedy for a fainting woman, he dashed about a quart on her face. His efforts were successful, for the good lady soon revived. Professor Beryl did not think that it would be quite the proper thing for him to question the woman while she was in such a condition, but she did not give him much chance, for no sooner was she able to sit up than she began her explanation.

"I suppose you'll wonder why I have come here. Well, I was tired of hearin' all this awful noise, so I just put a stop to it."

"Put a stop to it?" said the professor aghast.

"Well," she continued, "just as I got through fixin' that squeaky trap door, I stepped backwards. O, dearie me! I very near lost my balance comin' down them there stairs. But 'taint like fallin' down stairs ye haint used to."

"Stairs you're not used to," gasped the man.

For a minute Mrs. Neureich seemed about to faint again, but she soon regained her composure. She did not continue her story, but by this time the old man's curiosity overcame his politeness.

"Woman, what do you mean by all this nonsense," he almost shouted. "Out with the whole story or I'll—

"I see you haven't changed a mite, you hard-hearted 'wretch," she answered. "You always was cruel and said I was nebby, but for once my nebbiness helped me and some one else, too. I guess it was my nebbiness that helped me to find that old trap door in the tower room, but it wasn't my nebbiness as helped me to take care of your offspring better'n a cranky, crabbed old man like you'd done. You needn't look

funny. I took good care of him and he's had it better'n you could ever h'afforded to give him. Your a nice father! Can't recognize your own flesh and—

"Mrs. Neureich, I think you have told me all that needs be told. Shall I call your maid, madame?"

"I'd be much obliged, sir."

Professor Beryl helped his guest to the couch and did all he could to make her comfortable until her maid's arrival. Then he walked to the window and looked far out over the green hill tops—those hill tops that Miriam had loved so well. He was so absorbed in his thoughts that he did not hear the door of his study softly opened. He only knew he could meet his Miriam now. She would understand. She would be glad to know that her boy was going to be happy, just as they were in the years gone by—

"Well," cried a shrill voice, "of all things, if the madame hasn't put those horrid red ribbons back in her good dressing gown. They look disgraceful."

Juanita Husband, '09.

SKETCHES

SUSAN'S VALENTINE.

It was about four o'clock on the Tuesday before Valentine's day. All the children of Diamond alley were standing in front of Buckmaan's, one of those stores where most everything is kept. For the last three weeks the window had been filled with valentines and the Diamond alley children had stopped on their way to admire the gay pictures and lace paper. None of them expected to buy a valentine nor had any hopes of getting one, but it always seemed a great pleasure to look at them.

But Susan Higgins was the one who really got the most joy out of the week before St. Valentine's day and was also the saddest after it was over. She was about fifteen years old; her hair was a bright red and her very long, thin face was a mass of freckles. Her nose was large and this, with her hollow eyes, made her the ugliest girl in Diamond alley. She had never received a valentine in her life, and what reason she had for always expecting one, I cannot tell. But every year she had waited all day for a valentine. She would look under the door every five minutes to see if one could have been left there, but she was always disappointed. The night of every 14th of February she went to bed saying to herself again and again, "I'll get it next year, I'll get it next year," but it had never come. She had never told anyone of this, for she knew her old aunt with whom she lived would not listen to her and she hadn't a friend to confide in. Every year she had picked out a certain lovely valentine that she would expect under her door Valentine's morning. This year it was a big blue heart with flowers and lace paper all over it. As today was the last day she could look at it, she stayed longer than any of the rest. But she suddenly remembered her aunt had told her to come home early today, so with one last, hungering look she left it.

About ten minutes later the young man who was engaged to Mabel Brown, a girl who lived next door to Susan, came to buy his sweetheart a valentine. He glanced in the window and seeing the blue heart decided that was the one he wanted! He bought it and wishing Mabel to get it the first thing in the morning, he hired a boy to take it to her. Susan woke early the next morning, and before any one was up she had been to the door and found the big blue valentine.

She never thought that there could have been a mistake in the number or that the boy had come to the wrong door. All she knew was that she, Susan Higgins, had a valentine. No matter how or where it came from, it was under her door. And, although Mabel didn't get it, I don't think she missed it with all her others. Maybe it was intended for Susan.

Anna Margaret Barron, '09.

DREAMS.

Do you dream? If you do you may enjoy an outing while safely tucked in your own little bed. A French scientist says that to be strictly up to date you must have "dirigible dreams." Some psychologists are responsible for this new art of dreaming.

To regulate your dreams is easy; you arrange them in advance by a process of suggestion. A certain Marquis had spent a delightful vacation on a beautiful country estate, so when he had to leave for the city he arranged a plan by which he could still enjoy the country life in dreamland. While in the country he used a certain rare perfume, and in the city by merely putting a drop on his pillow he was taken back to the chateau. A cynic, when told of the affair, asked whether he was sunburned in the morning. Now, this would be a good arrangement for people who freckle. They might enjoy the lake and the sea without being afflicted with the little brown spots that always came out to enjoy the beauties of nature.

Dreams are affected by the position of the body, by sounds, by a touch, and by hunger and thirst. Often in the morning when some one is rapping for me I sleep on serenely, thinking it is some one to whom I do not care to speak. It is said that in sleep we lose our senses in this order: sight, taste, touch, smell, and finally, hearing.

Meunier says that the dirigible dream is limited, but a disagreeable dream may be changed to an agreeable one. This is certainly worth cultivating, especially by people who dream they are falling.

Dreams have been useful. Howe, after working for years to invent a successful machine, finally dreamed it out. Coleridge wrote part of his Kubla Khan from this source. Robert Louis Stevenson and Kipling confess that they found some of their material in this way.

I usually have pleasant dreams. I go to the theaters, dances and parties and I take many a little trip, so. This is both inexpensive and safe. A dream often seems hours and days long, but it takes only a few minutes. Someone has said that a rich and dreamless man is indeed poor, but this depends on the dream. Pleasant dreams.

Marie Voegly, '09.

A CARTOONIST.

The average newspaper cartoonist, or the man who makes cartoons for the daily newspaper, keeps posted by reading exchanges, or other newspapers and telegrams which arrive daily from all parts of the world. The most difficult point for a cartoonist or editor, for he is such, is to find out what the real news of the day is. After he has looked over the telegrams and exchanges, and other editorials, he chooses from this mass of material, and works out one or two ideas which to him are the most important of the whole day. These are the ones that are worked into the cartoon. The cartoonist has

at his pencil point the figure of any prominent man who appears or has appeared in public life. The idea of a cartoonist is not to ridicule, but rather to show how you appear as others see you. A cartoonist is not only a clever artist, but is one who is posted on any national, or international event. A cartoon is a pictorial editorial, and the power of a cartoonist can do more in less space to bring out the idea than most writers. Usually a cartoonist is not affected by the so-called artistic temperament. The ones I have known are more like the average business man, and do not have the oddities in dress so peculiar to artists.

Gertrude Garnet Godwin, '10.

FRIENDS, "LEND ME YOUR EARS."

I come not here to talk,
You know too well the story of our thraldom,
 We are slaves!
The bright sun rises o'er the College walls,
 To shine upon a race of slaves,
Not such as those, for whom
 Our fathers and our brothers gave their lives to free,
But **we** are base, ignoble slaves,
 Slaves to a horde of petty tyrants,
Little despots—mice,
 Mice! Rich in some dozen nooks and hiding places,
Strong in a hundred nests—
 And only great, in that strange thing—their bite,
Each hour some open rapine
 Or sneaking theft, cries out against them.
The other night, an honest girl,
 My neighbor, was driven from her bed,
Because, upon the pillow, where she laid her head,
 A mouse, forsooth, sought to share it with her,
And not content with that—
 Disputed even her right to have her feet upon the floor,
But drove her to a chair for safety.

Are we brave or are we cowards,
That we should suffer such dishonor?

Such shames are common!
Another neighbor—there she stands,
Drew from her dresser drawers, linen and laces,
Handkerchiefs and silks, tattered and torn and eaten into
holes,

By hungry little tyrants, feudal despots—Mice!
But this is not all—another neighbor says—

A mouse entered her room—entered by means unknown
And took possession of a box of crackers.

Nor is this all; for I have known deeper wrongs—
I, who speak to you,

And here I am to speak what I do know,
I had some gloves—a lovely pair,

In mechanism perfect, within the bureau drawer
They lay in safe serenity.

How I loved those gloves! those matchless gloves!
One day I drew them forth,

And lo! those pretty harmless gloves
Were mangled, mutilated, torn.

Where once was beauty, now—were holes,
And then I cried for vengeance.

Rouse, ye students, rouse, ye slaves,
Have you fine linen, laces, gloves and dresses,

Are you willing to stand idly by
And see them thus destroyed?

Or, to sit and study in your rooms, while
These pesky foes, play 'round your feet?

And if you call for justice,
Be answered by a bite.

And this is P. C. W.,
Which stands upon the hill,
And from her regal throne
So friendly rules the city,
And we are College girls!
Why in the ages that are past,
To be a College girl, was greater than to be a queen,

Yet we—through fear—are ruled by mice,
Shall this be so?
To arms! I cry,
Bring on your brooms and clothes brushes,
Your shoes and books,
Mount high upon your tables, trunks and chairs,
And hurl these deadly missiles
At the foe, destruction following their track,

To arms! I cry.
Hear me, ye walls, which echo to the tread of mice,
Once again, I swear,
The College shall be free!

Anonymous.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NOM DE GUERRE.

There are three expressions used today to signify the fictitious name adopted by a writer. "Nom de plume," which translated means pen name, is perhaps the best known. Yet this expression is not known or used in this sense in France. Therefore, according to rules of rhetoric, it should not be used at all. The two which may be used are "pseudonym" and "nom de guerre." "Nom de guerre" literally means 'name of war.' It was first used in the days of chivalry by knights upon the tilting field. There, with faces masked, they fought under assumed names, which were soon known as "noms de guerre." In this sense it continued to be used until the seventeenth century and the advent of Pascal.

The early part of Pascal's life was devoted to geometry and philosophy. As a boy his zeal for study was such that books had to be denied him. But in spite of this, Pascal at the age of twelve had, unaided, invented geometry anew. Later he gave up all his work as a philosopher and geometricalian to enter the monastery of Port Royal. Here he entered with great zeal into the cause of the holy order, and in an-

swer to the attacks of the Jesuites he wrote a series of letters, professedly to a friend in the provinces, assuming the name of Louis de Montalte. These letters were soon known throughout France for their bitter, scathing, criticisms against the Jesuites, and were called "Lesprovincials."

Soon the people of France called the bitter controversy between Pascal and the Jesuites "the war of pens;" and there was but a short step between this and the dubbing of Pascal's assumed name, "Louis de Montalte" as "Le nom de Guerre." Since then the expression has always been used in literature.

Marie L. Weiss, '09.



When examination time drew near it was interesting to watch the girls run up to one another and to hear them say, "Can you translate this Latin?" and "Oh! how do you work this problem in Algebra?" "Do you get off any exams?" "Do you think you will pass?" "I am scared to death," and "I don't know a thing." These expressions you hear everywhere and most frequently among the graduates.

How the girl who has been idling her time away all year envies her sister who has worked harder and has made the marks which excuses her from that test. Now the idle girl has to stay up late and cram things into her brain until she is all upside down and doesn't know A from Z. If this girl had studied a little harder the first part of the year and had not left it all until the last it would have been much easier for her, but instead, she would tell her teacher, day after day, that she was unprepared. Then when the teacher would ask for an excuse for her unprepared lesson she would say, "I did not have any time last evening," or "That book is so dry that I can not get interested in it."

The teachers do not like examinations any better than we do. It makes extra work for them. They have to make out the questions for the examination and then have to mark and grade the papers. Examinations are the only way to make young people study, if we knew there were no tests to follow we would not get our lessons and consequently should know nothing in the end.

Now, girls, let's give the teachers a surprise, and next year get our lessons so well that we shall have "A" every month and then there will be no examinations.

..COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMS—1909.

Pennsylvania College for Women.

Annual Concert.....	Friday, 8.15 P. M., May 21
Ivy Exercises.....	Friday, 2.30 P. M., June 4
Alumnae Meeting.....	Friday, 3.00 P. M., June 4
Alumnae Dinner.....	Friday, 6.00 P. M., June 4
Class Day—Senior Play, "As You Like It,"	Saturday, 2.30 P. M., June 5
Baccalaureate Sermon, President Henry D. Lindsay,	
Third Presbyterian Church, Sunday, 11.00 A. M., June 6	
Commencement Exercises, Rev. J. H. McIlvaine, D.D.,	
	Monday, 8.00 P. M., June 7

Reception follows Commencement Exercises.

Dilworth Hall, June 3, 8 P. M.

Song—"America"	The School
Prayer.....	Rev. J. Shane Nicholls, D.D.
Greetings of 1909.....	Elizabeth Marguerite Yagle*
Scherzo, B flat minor.....	Marie Louise Weiss*
Essay—"A Plea for the Study of Latin,"	Juanita Marie Husband*
Address.....	Mr. Clarence Burleigh
Song—"Bridal Chorus" from "Rose Maiden"—Cowan	
	Glee Club

Presentation of Diplomas and Certificates,

President Henry D. Lindsay.

Song—"Dilworth Hall".....	The School
*Honor Rank.	

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has been unusually favored with good speakers this month. Dr. McEwan, of the Third Presbyterian Church, spoke on the 27th of April.

On the 12th of May, Miss Vance, the city secretary, gave a very interesting talk about the new Y. W. C. A. building in Pittsburgh and the work of the city Y. W. C. A. On the 19th of May Miss Dyer, the territorial secretary gave a most excellent talk.

At the spring election of officers the following girls were elected:

President—Maud Demler.

Vice-President—Ethel Tassey.

Treasurer—Grace Dulaney.

The Secretary to be elected next fall.

MAY DAY.

For once "Old Sol" seemed to approve of May Day, for he shone warm and bright from early morn till close of day. He seemed to smile or beam on each group of girls. The procession started exactly on time, the girls keeping time to a welcome song, sweetly and clearly sung by the Glee club. First came the Maid of Honor, Miss Ruth Pepperday; then the Queen, Miss Jean Hughes, graceful and lovely, well called "**The Queen of May.**" Next came the crown bearers, Miss Leah Main and Miss Jane Hill, and then the scepter bearers, Miss Lillie Lindsay and Miss Florence Bickel. After these came the maids, Misses Marie Voegty, Helen Blair, Mary Foster, Jeanette Roenigk, Louise Kimball, and Amelia Donovan. When the Queen was crowned and the maids stood about her a more beautiful picture has never been seen on our campus. The dances were given much the same as on the night of the Carnival. What mattered a **hitch** now and then when all were so happy? The exercises closed with songs by the school. Fairer and rarer than a day in June was **May Day 1909!**

MAY DAY.

Look ye at those girls in white.
Now what means this pretty sight,
Red and pink and blue ones, too,
Sailors, plenty for a crew!

Ho! 'tis May-day, jolly friend
Listen how their voices blend;
Songs of college days and life
And of nature's busy strife.

See them dance the maypole 'round.
How their graceful footsteps bound,
Bending under bunting bright
All beneath the sun's bright light.

Marguerite Bartberger, '12.

LIVING PICTURES.

On the evening of April twenty-third the two Dramatic clubs gave an entertainment of living pictures which was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience. The fourth year girls represented pictures by modern artists and the college girls represented paintings by the old masters. The third year girls gave a pantomime to "Comin' Through the Rye" and the second year girls gave one to "The Star Spangled Banner."

CARNIVAL.

Under the careful direction of Miss Knapp, a Carnival of Dances was given Friday evening, May seventh, in Dilworth Hall. There were many dances with costumes to represent each; such as Sailors, American girls, Old Fashioned Girls, Watermelons, Pickinines, Purple-Parasols, Blue-Bells, Spanish Girls, Dutch Girls, (with real wooden shoes), Fluffy-Ruffles, and a Cake Walk! Miss Lucile Shurmer and Miss Ethel Tassey received the prize for the cake walk.

THE CONCERT AT CHARLEROI.

The College Glee Club, Mandolin Club and several Dilworth Hall soloists gave a very successful concert at Charleroi, April 30th, for the benefit of the Washington County Juvenile Court. The opera house was well filled and each selection was enthusiastically received, the Mandolin Club making a special "hit."

The committee had a special car to take the girls to and from Charleroi, where they were entertained royally in private homes and in hotels. After the concert an informal dance was held at the Elk's Club House. The next morning the girls were taken through the Pittsburgh Plate Glass and Macbeth-Evans Glass Works, after which they returned home very proud of their first out-of-town engagement.

The Annual Concert was more than usually entertaining this year and reflects much credit upon the instructors in the music department. The program was varied, the selections were short and all the girls acquitted themselves well.

Program.

Rheinberger (From Organ Sonata).....	Scherzo
	Mabel Florence Crowe.
Whelpley.....	"I Know a Hill"
	Florence Emma Bickel.
Wollenhaupt.....	"The Last Smile"
	Mary Helen Rothrock.
	(Certificate in Music.)
Wickéde.....	"Heart's Spring Tide"
	Sarah Lomas Walton.
Schubert-Liszt.....	"The Erl King"
	Helen Elizabeth Teeters.
	(Certificate in Music.)
Del Aqua.....	"Chanson Provencale"
	Helen Hall Kerr.

Serenade	“Meyer-Helmund”
Sarah Lomas Thomas,	Eunice Bream Graham,
Leah Main,	Lena Lucile Shurmer,
Estelle May Jones,	Florence Rebecca Keys,
Helen Hall Kerr,	M. Louise Porter,
Martha Josephine Sands,	Margaret Ann Beaty,
Edwina Noeline Hickson,	
Louise Ellen Allderdice,	
Frances Folsom Neel,	
Maude Eleanor Demmler,	
Helen Elizabeth Teeters.	
Liszt.....	“Rhapsodie No. 2”
	Elsie Dean Wehling.
Allitsen.....	“A Song of Dawn”
	Gertrude Garnet Goodwin.
Ketterer	“Silvery Thistle”
	Annie Luella Smith.
Jouberti.....	“Serenade to Juanita”
	Martha Josephine Sands.
Bartlett.....	“Grande Polka de Concert”
	Evelyn Frances Crandall.
D'Hardelot	“A Gift”
	Hattie Erma Goedecke.
Sullivan.....	“The Lost Chord”
	Combined Glee Clubs.
	(Mabel Florence Crowe at Organ.)



“FOURTH YEAR DOINGS.”

The Fourth Year Class were the guests of Miss Coolidge and Miss Brownlee, at dinner, Friday evening, May the twenty-first. The three tables were artistically arranged and decorated in yellow and green. Daisies, the class flower, were appropriate place-cards. Among the invited guests were Miss Duff and Miss Montgomery, the honorary members of the class.

On April twenty-fourth, Dilworth Hall Fourth was royally entertained at a luncheon, at the Rittenhouse, by Dilworth Hall Third. Decorations consisted of beautiful bouquets of yellow flowers. The tables were conveniently arranged in the shape of an “E.” Hand-painted cards placed Fourth Year girls between Third Year girls. Evidence of a good time was shown by the animated conversation and by the hearty laughter of the girls.

Miss Mildred Renwick, a member of graduating class of Dilworth Hall, entertained the class at her home in Ben Avon,

Saturday, May the twenty-second. The beautiful trimmings of yellow and gold harmonized with the pretty gowns of the girls.

Dilworth Hall Fourth gave its Class Banquet at Hotel Schenley, May 26th. A toast given by the president, Miss Alice Stoelzing was responded to by Miss Leah Main and Miss Emma Aronson. The Class Poet, Miss Marian Euwer, struck the girls right and left with her clever rhymes. Miss Marguerite Frey read the Class Will and Miss Jean Hughes, Miss Helen Blair, and Miss Grace Garland the Class Prophecy. The Donors, Misses Jane Hill, Jean Gray and Alice Michel displayed excellent taste in the choice of their gifts. The beauty of the decorations was only surpassed by the blooming faces of the happy girls of Dilworth Hall Fourth.

BREEZES.

In German Class—

Miss H.—“Haben sie die Geschichte verstanden, Fraulein Hughes?”

Fraulein Hughes (slightly muddle)—“Ja, ja, ich nicht.”

“The Spring, the Spring has come again,” at least something has affected the staid members of the Berry Hall household to make them renew their childhood enough to play “Catchens,” “I Spy,” and all those old acquaintances, on the campus.

Miss Gray—“Is my elbow immaculate?”

June of this year is favored by two former Dilworth Hall girls in choosing it for their wedding month. “The Dilworthian” wishes Miss Lucille Greer and Miss Vera Lewis much happiness.

Recall the poetry you know, for the Autograph Album Brigade is on the war-path! Beware!

Where, oh! where are the dear old Fourth Preps? Safe, now in the wide, wide world.

Juniata Husband will enter Vassar in the fall, while Ruth Pepperday and Jean Hughes expect to win laurels for dear old D. H., and for themselves at Wellesley, next year.

Some of the girls have not yet decided upon their future careers and we hope they will return to P. C. W. in September.

Several of the girls want to take sewing and cooking lessons next winter to increase their already numerous accomplishments.

Leah Main expects to spend the summer in Europe; we all wish her a "Bon voyage."

"Naughty-nine we love you,
Parting gives us pain;
Naughty-nine we'll miss you,
When the autumn comes again."

What can be the matter with the Fourth Year girls? Some of them have such bad colds you can hardly understand what they say.

The latest musical organization which has come into prominence, is the "Comb Orchestra." It shows signs of being in disfavor with the Faculty.

How the third floor teachers will miss the "quiet" Fourth Years.

The Fourth Years would like to know who has lured away their pet mice. They haven't been seen since the "feeds" have ceased.

The lower classes are in quite a fever of devotion—Dilworth Hall seniors, being the attraction.

Excitement reigns! Have you heard of Tommy and Teddy?

Judging by appearances, it seemed to be the fashion on May Day and the day of the Carnival, to lose **heels**.

I wonder what the 1st years are saving money for?

Have you been up to the 4th year den lately? "Write in my 'Commencement Book' is the cry.

Dilworth Hall First gave an elegant-appointed luncheon at Mrs. Heath's on Monday evening, May 31st. The class Colors, red and gold, were used in decoration. American beauty roses, rivaled in beauty by the girls themselves, were much in evidence. Miss Coolidge, Miss Brownlee and Miss Campbell were guests of honor.

Friday evening, the fourteenth of May, the "new girls" gave a "Backward Party" for the "old girls". They came dressed backward and games were played backward. A backward spelling match was very amusing, in which Miss Helen Teeters won the prize. After the refreshments, which were coffee, ice cream, cake and sandwiches, served in the order named, the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

Miss Campbell's class room—An outline for "Tale of Two Cities", on the board. First topic, Time and Place, to which some one had added, "and the girl."

Miss C—"Gertrude, take the first topic."

Gertrude—"Well, I don't believe I can, why, tee hee, I thought it was a boy."

The prayers of some of the house girls, for fair weather on May Day, were certainly answered. The fifteenth was a perfect day.

Thursday evening, the twentieth, Miss Coolidge called a meeting of the House girls, to assign rooms for next year.

The college girls selected their rooms in the new dormitory.

Thursday evening, the thirteenth, the table of Miss Campbell and Miss Montgomery gave a farewell party in honor of Miss Few, Miss Montgomery and Miss Knapp. The violet decorations made the table very attractive.

On Saturday, the twenty second, Miss Hooker took a party of girls to the annual Art Exhibition and the St. Gaudens exhibition, at Carnegie Institute.

Wednesday afternoon, the twenty sixth, Miss Craig, took her newly organized painting class to Highland Park to sketch.

Wednesday afternoon, the twenty sixth, there was a Women's Suffrage debate, between some College Freshmen. There certainly was "class" to that debate.

Poor Miss Few's patience was severely tried when her pupils rehearsed for the Concert. They were never all there, but down at Carnegie Library, getting material for the Women's Suffrage debate.

Wednesday evening, the nineteenth, Miss Ruth Pepperday was "surprised" by a very pretty birthday party. The decorations were daisies.

Room 38 had an early morning visitor last week. Has it any feathers?

Miss Campbell sails the eleventh of June on the Marquette, for England, where she expects to visit the homes of great English authors and to attend the summer term at Oxford University. We all wish her a very pleasant voyage and hope that she will impart the knowledge derived from the trip to her English students next year.

Miss Brownson expects to spend the summer in the study of French History in Paris.

Madame De Valley will spend the summer in Paris.

Miss Skilton will go to Berlin, Germany, for the summer.

Miss Montgomery will not teach next year. We wish her success in whatever she may do.

Miss Knapp will teach gymnastics in Allegheny Preparatory School next year. We hope that she may have fewer May Day performances to direct over there.

Miss Few, our much beloved vocal teacher, will not return next year. No more will we be told to, "stand erect," "get big round tones," or "watch me," or hear her gay warble over in Music Hall. Though her "kiddies" hate to see her go, we all wish that her home will be as full of music and brightness as Music Hall.

The Annual Music Concert, Friday, the twenty-first, was a great success. Prof. Morgan's and Miss Few's pupils showed what practice and good training can accomplish.

The music for Baccalaureate Sunday was furnished by the Glee Clubs.

The "Happy Hour" Club from the Soho Settlement House were some of the most interested and delighted spectators of the May Day festivities.

O! Miss Elizabeth Will
Of French never has her fill,
At first period class
She's the first little lass—
Now, aren't you proud of Lib Will?

Three cheers for the revival of the Autograph Album!
(O poetry, thy name is being contaminated!)

The girl at History notes—"How I am enjoying this and how much good it is going to do 'me'!"

Hurrah for Eunice—the finest reporter ever!

Isn't Helenibus **atrocious**?

Next year if an editor misses two successive meetings she will be disinherited!



